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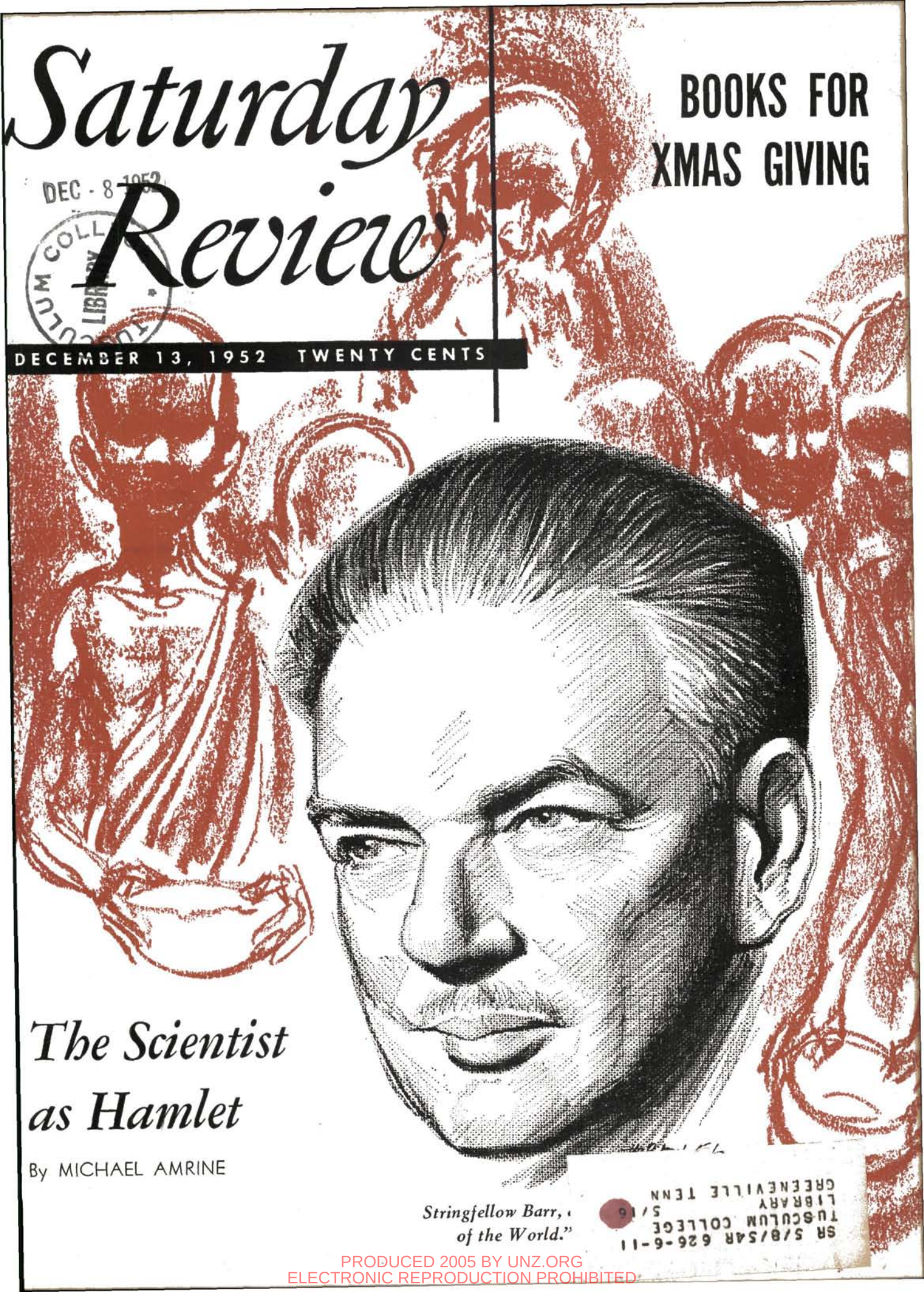

The Scientist as Hamlet

By MICHAEL AMRINE

Stringfellow Barr, ... of the World."

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The artist and the innkeeper's wife

L'Arlésienne, by Vincent Van Gogh
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

When Van Gogh lived in Arles in southern France, he wrote glowingly of this warm pleasant country. "How wonderful," he said, "the golden sun is!" And when the artist painted the innkeeper's wife, he used the vibrant yellow like the glow of the sun... the yellow which found its way into many of his best-known paintings and helped to make him famous.

This sunny background for the somber figure of "L'Arlésienne" gives the painting its striking contrast. And the famous Van Gogh yellow is faithfully, glowingly reproduced in World Book Encyclopedia.

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Our terrible thirst

ANXIOUS city planners are sitting up nights biting their pencils over this:

We use 1,100 gallons of water per person a day in the United States.

Not even an enemy bomb could stifle the growth of our communities as effectively as a water shortage. Our homes, our health, our industries, our standard of living all depend on plenty of clean, fresh water.

2

Why should there be a shortage when water equal to 25 times our need falls from the skies every year?

Unhappily, the rain doesn't always fall where we need it most. Our reservoirs, many of them, were built with no expectation that our cities might double or triple in size. Cities have always been understandably reluctant to buy equipment enough to anticipate the needs of people and industries yet unborn.

Water pollution is no less a cause than population and industrial growth. 75% of our communities get their water from lakes and streams. Many of these communities are in the position of the Ancient Mariner, with water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink—until it has been treated.

3

The picture isn't all black, even though there is no quick national solution. Since the problem differs in each community, it is being attacked where it has to be attacked, at the community level.

Any community will act *after* it has had an emergency. It takes an enlightened community to build *before* the pinch.

Shortly after World War II, General Electric began an educational program to assist communities to estimate their future needs and plan the equipment needed. This was a logical step, since the effort was in the field we know best, the application of electric power.

Two motion pictures have been prepared by General Electric in collaboration with the U.S. Public Health Service. "Clean Waters," a twenty-five-minute picture, has been shown to almost 2,000,000 people. A new movie, "Pipeline to the Clouds," has already had over one thousand showings.

Today, with the aid of giant electric motors, water is pumped hundreds of miles to cities and farms. (Example: The city of Los Angeles is getting most of its needed water from watersheds 300 miles away.)

As for water pollution, cities find the answer in sewage-treatment plants, which release rivers, streams, and lakes to their original uses. The nation has over 30 times as many such plants as in 1910. The Public Health Service estimates a third more are needed.

Together, communities and private industry have found new water sources, built tunnels and aqueducts. It is hard to write a definition of the American way. But these hand-in-hand accomplishments of the American Waterworks Association, the U.S. Public Health Service and industry are a good example.

NOTE: Interested city committees or city officials who wish showings of the motion pictures mentioned, please address correspondence to General Electric Company, Section 6A, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

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An Inspired Voyage of Discovery

This Star of England

"William Shake-speare" Man of the Renaissance

BY

DOROTHY *and* CHARLTON OGBURN

THE QUESTION OF Shakespearean authorship has always held fascination and numerous books have been written on this vital subject. Now, in their important and scholarly work, *This Star of England*, Dorothy and Charlton Ogburn make a distinguished contribution to this literary field. They present a highly-documented argument that Shakespeare, the name used by the creator of the noblest literature in the English language, was the pseudonym of the brilliant courtier, Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, one of the outstanding poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan era. A dramatic and nobly tragic — at times heartrending—story unfolds itself in this account of the life and works of the many-sided Elizabethan leader in all the rich complexity of his character and his genius.

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THIS STAR OF ENGLAND *is an unusually handsome volume of over 1,300 pages to grace any library. The page size is 6" x 9¼", and it is bound front and back in fawn cloth with the back strip in blue cloth, the colors of the Earl of Oxford's coat of arms as stamped in gold on the front. There are 86 chapters, plus an appendix and bibliography, and the book contains 16 illustrations.*

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Good News

▶ Overshadowed by recent election results were the following: Receiving the largest plurality (370,000 votes) ever accorded a political candidate in Massachusetts, George Fingold was elected attorney general of the Commonwealth. Mr. Fingold is the first Jew elected to constitutional office in that state. In Augusta, Ga., a Negro was elected to public office for the first time since reconstruction days; W. C. Ervin of Payne College won the third ward seat on the board of education by a vote of 921 to 352 over R. J. Wilkinson, a former city councilman. Governor Theodore R. McKeldin announced the forthcoming appointment of the first Negro to serve as an assistant attorney general of Maryland. The Governor also said he will name Simon E. Sobeloff of Baltimore as the first Jew to become chief judge of the Court of Appeals in Maryland.

▶ During the last twenty years that Professor Mabel Louise Robinson has conducted classes in creative writing at Columbia University, more than three hundred books, both juvenile and adult, written in her classes, have been published. In appreciation of her contribution to writing and teaching Columbia has established a scholarship fund in her honor. The interest derived from this fund will pay the tuition of promising students who otherwise would be unable to continue their studies.

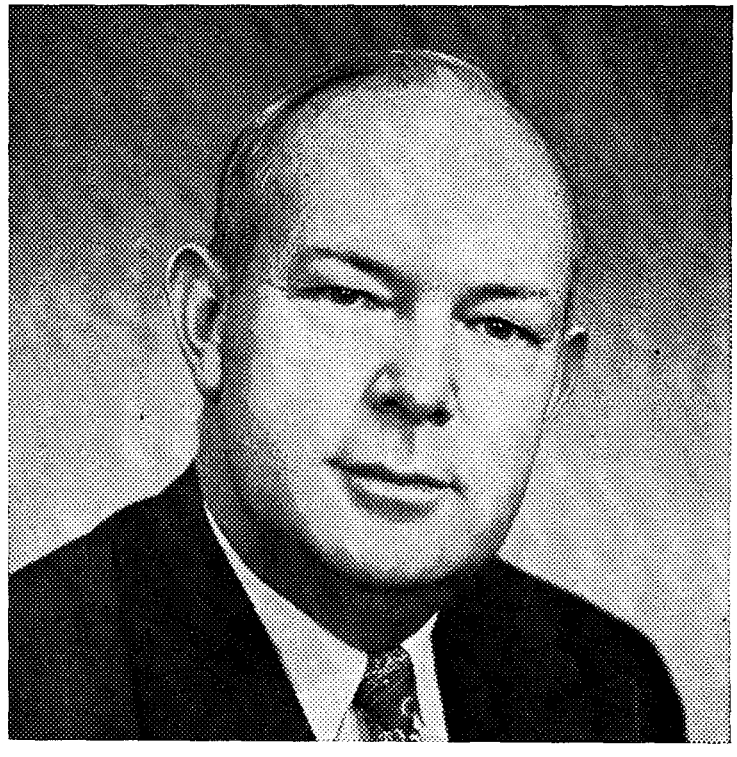
▶ Egypt's Premier Naguib has announced that every village in Egypt will be provided with a radio set. There are approximately four thousand villages and the cost will be borne by the Government.

▶ New Eyes for the Needy, Inc., of Short Hills, N. J., is a non-profit, volunteer organization which for twenty years has been providing new prescription glasses for those who cannot afford them. New Eyes for the Needy collects your gold and silver throw-aways, broken watches, earrings, necklaces, etc., sells them to a refinery, and uses the proceeds for eyeglasses, artificial eyes, and eye examinations. Eyeglasses and sunglasses sent them are carefully checked and tested and redistributed through welfare organizations where needed. It works through hospitals and clinics all over the country. Last year alone it improved the sight of nearly 9,000 people. Since 1933 almost 70,000 people have been helped to new sight by this unique organization.

"An introduction to learning"

says J. HILLIS MILLER
President, University of Florida

"The Reader's Digest is an introduction to learning. Its variety, brevity, intellectual stimulation, selective mental diet, and good humor whet the appetite for more of the same. It leads to larger fields for browsing and deeper cerebration."



To busy students and educators, The Reader's Digest brings each month a sweep of information which otherwise could be obtained only through days and weeks of painstaking research. Selecting and condensing the most significant material from hundreds of periodicals, The Reader's Digest provides the *widest* collection of facts with the *greatest* economy of effort.

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In December Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *A Bible for the 20th Century*—story of the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible; *What You Should Know About Your Eyes*—a report on eye care and the commoner eye diseases; *England Prepares to Crown a Queen*—the $300,000,000 preparations for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

ARTHUR J. HILLARY, business manager of Brooklyn College, relates an incident provoked by a professor in the nursery school in the Teachers' Education Department of a metropolitan seat of learning.

The superintendent of plant operations received a frantic telephone call from Tony, his Italian-American fireman, who cried, "Mr. Doe—biga leak in da boiler room."

"O. K.," said Mr. Doe. "I'll send the plumber down."

"No, no," said Tony. "You come down."

The superintendent went down and saw a disconsolate Tony watching water pouring on top of his newly painted boilers from the floor above.

Both of them hastily went to the floor above and opened a door on which was a sign indicating that it was a nursery school.

Inside they found a professor of child psychology standing in front of about thirty preschool-age children who were seated in a semi-circle. On the wall directly behind the professor and in front of the children was a sink with both faucets wide open and the drain plug in place, causing the water to overflow on to the floor.

A thoroughly aroused superintendent called to the professor and said, "Say, do you know that this water is flooding my boiler room?"

The professor slowly turned and, with an admonitory gesture, approached the two men, took them by the arm, and led them out of the room. After carefully closing the door the professor turned to the superintendent and his fireman and said, "Never interrupt me when I am conducting a test. Don't you realize that I am testing these children to ascertain whether they realize that something is wrong when a sink overflows on the floor?"

The incredulous Tony looked at the professor, turned to a by-now apoplectic superintendent, and exclaimed, "Jeez, Mr. Doe, no testa da kids. Testa da teach!"

THE EFFECT OF MICKEY SPILLANE—not to mention Groucho Marx—on the impressionable youth of America may be gauged by the following short short, composed by nine-year-old Richard Orr, of Pittsburgh:

The Case of the Twisted Tongue

By Richard S. Orr

AS I, Percival Lancaster, was sitting at my desk, twiddling my gun on my second finger, I heard a knock. Presuming it was the door, I said, "Come in," in a half-disgusted voice, and in walked the prettiest little colleen I had ever seen.

"Private Eye Lancaster?" she asked.

"That'll do, Baby. What's on your mind?" I flashed.

"Well—" she hesitated.

"Go ahead, sis," I encouraged.

She stammered on, "Why I was just wondering if you had any idea what I should do if my husband was murdered."

My face was like an open book. All the pages blank.

"Proceed with the story," I said, "I'll answer that later."

"But, say," I continued. "What's behind all this?"

"Well, my husband *was* murdered," she came back. "And I didn't do it."

"What's your name?"

"Well - er - um —"

"Here's a hint—May, Florence, Joan?"

My toupee flew off and hit the ceiling. "Cut that out," cried the ceiling, and you couldn't blame it.

I picked up a lighted cigarette and put it in my mouth backwards. Yipe!

"Cut out the comedy," I yelped, "and gimme the low-down on this thing. How did you kill your husband?"

At this moment my toupee landed back on my head, in reverse.

Says she, "I shot him as he stooped over, in the back yard. But remember, I didn't do it."

"Have you got any clues?" I inquired. "When? How? Who? Why?"

"Hold it, brother," said the fresh little colleen. "Not so fast."

I waited, sweating it out.

"Boy, you sweat a lot," she commented.

"Oh. Hugh Sweatalot killed your husband?"

"Listen, buddy," she complained. "One of us is nuts."

"Don't be selfish," I began to cry bitterly. "I wanna be nuts too."

"But," I said, "tell me why Hugh did it."

"I told you, lame brain, I didn't do it."

"Who said you did?"

"You."

"Hugh accused you?"

Just then the office door flew open. A silly-looking man stuck his head in the door and said, "Come on, dear. You missed me."

"My husband," she cried, and ran to his arms.

Collecting the two buttons that had popped off my coat, I ran to the police station and told them I had just solved the murder that wasn't committed. Officer Clancy grabbed me by the collar and cried, "Into the cooler wit him, boys."

Shortly after I heard a shot, and Florence May walked into the cell and said to me:

"After you serve your sentence, you and me is going to get married. I DIDN'T MISS THIS TIME."

The End

Remember, the author of the above epic is just turned nine. Furthermore, he made several carbons thereof, and retailed them to classmates at five cents a copy. Obviously, here is a publisher in the making!

"I'M PLEASED TO NOTE," writes Robert West Howard, "your delighted cheep about a piece on book fairs in *Country Gentleman.* Now that you have decentralized to Westchester perhaps you'll spend a little more time discovering the plentitudes of book news in other hinterland slicks. The October issue of *Progressive Farming,* for example, carried seven (count them: seven) pieces of copy about books, including one in full color on juveniles.

"Capper's *Farmer* has plugged away at a book-review column for a full year —with nary a sweet whisper from publishers' advertising departments. Successful *Farmer* presents two full columns of book news in the front part of every issue to its 1,300,000 subscribers. How about palming a lump

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of word-sugar to the plowboys, too?" Is this enough palmistry, Bob? . . . . "I like to read about your trips to the smaller cities, and the folks you encounter there," soft-soaps Roger McCloud, of Danville, Virginia. "Makes us feel we're getting around the country, too. And, speaking of smaller cities, here's the story of the president and four fellow directors of a backwoods bank who used to sneak behind the cashier's cage for a game of poker when business was dull (which was usually). One day the state banking inspector made an unheralded appearance, saw the game in progress, and resolved to give the boys a little scare. He set off the burglar alarm. Nobody even looked up from the table at the sound—but two minutes later a waiter from the saloon across the street walked right through the paying teller's department with five schooners of beer."

"THE HOLIDAY RUSH is on for fair again," writes Joseph Guillozet, of Rich's in Atlanta, "and it reminds me of an episode that took place in the store last December.

"Somebody suggested that we make a gift of a piano to a local chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. It seemed a right good idea, so we told the local secretary that it would be delivered promptly at 10:30 on Christmas morning for a special Christmas service being held at Alcoholics Anonymous. Our most reliable truck driver was called, the piano carefully loaded into a Rich's truck, and, since the store was closed on Christmas Day, the driver was entrusted with the truck and piano overnight so that he could make the delivery at the appointed hour.

"About 10:35 the local secretary became a bit worried, phoned store officials to find if there had been any slip-up in the plan. Local store official promptly contacted driver's home and was informed by his wife that he had left some half hour before. After much phoning and criss-cross town checking, the driver was found—in the local jail, the truck and piano impounded by police. You guessed it, the truck driver was loaded!

"I'm afraid it's a little different type of Christmas story, but it struck me that it might appeal to you."

BETTY DIOTT, of the Mt. Kisco Furniture Exchange, tells me they're perfecting a new easy chair that's going to prove a boon to every wife whose husband insists on staying home with a good book when she feels like stepping out. She just presses a concealed button and—pouf!—the electrically wired springs in the seat warm up to a temperature of 110 degrees.

—BENNETT CERF.

Variety is the Spice of Christmas

She Cooks to Conquer

By ROBERT H. LOEB, Jr.
AUTHOR OF WOLF IN CHEF'S CLOTHING
ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA JEAN ALLEN

THE man who came to dinner will never want to leave—after feasting on the delectable dishes and sipping the heady drinks from this unique cook book. Diagrammatic, step-by-step pictures illustrate every recipe from Pommes Aphrodite to Soup Hades. A handsome, easy-to-use gift that will transform any girl who can boil water into a Circe of the kitchen. $3.95

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By HENRY W. CLUNE

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Surely, with all his wealth and power, the fruits of life should have been his. Why, then, had happiness escaped him? The night he proposed to beautiful Bernice Kellogg she eloped with another man. The sinuous grace and insolent smile of Anne Langley aroused his passion but she denied him marriage. His business, his charities, his musical entertainments failed to fill his life. Why, after thirty years of power, did he sit alone in his vast empty house?

Alan Wesley is a name destined to be on the lips of thousands of excited readers.

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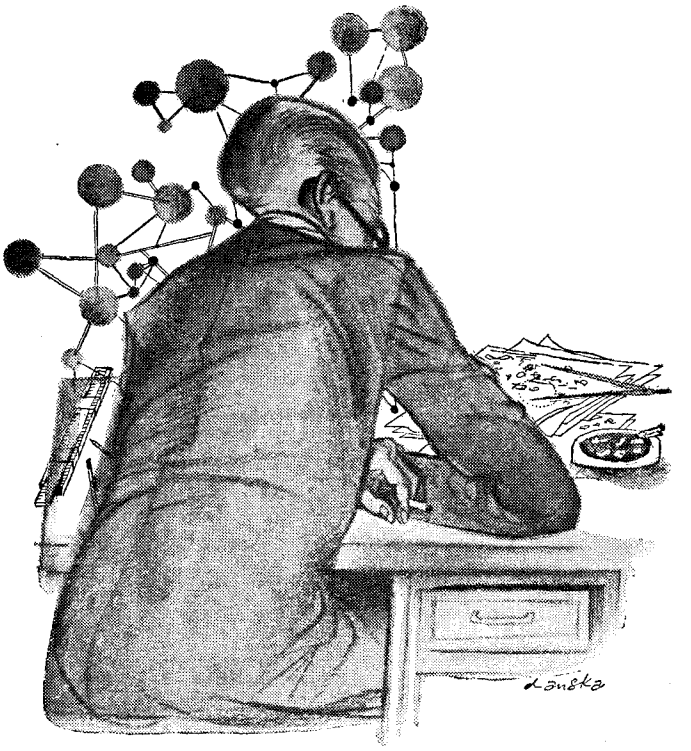
The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 13, 1952



The Scientist as Hamlet

MICHAEL AMRINE

Michael Amrine

AS THE age of the A-bomb opened, the scientists who had made it spoke with eloquence and fervor of the responsibilities it brought us. The voices of Einstein, Urey, and Oppenheimer attempted to interpret for us what had hitherto been secret. That was seven years ago. Today we are reconciled to secrecy, the scientists are silenced, and we stumble into the age of the H-bomb with only the accounts of Navy enlisted men, writing letters home, and the murky language of a communique from the Atomic Energy Commission to illuminate the historic event.

What has happened to us? And what has happened to the scientists?

By way of answer, let me begin with a story a friend once told me. He is a physicist and had worked on the atomic project at the University of Chicago's Stagg Field during the war. On August 6, 1945, he was playing handball on the deserted oval of Stagg Field when a friend came running across the street from Harold Urey's old Kent chemistry lab with the news that the bomb had been built and had been dropped on the Japanese. It was very striking to my friend that he received this news at a moment when he accidentally happened to be so close to the spot where the atomic project started. He said the shock of learning that the bomb had been used for mass slaughter was so sudden that he became nauseated. He has not found himself able to play handball in that spot since.

This story suddenly crystalized for me a comparison which had been hovering in my subconscious for years. Here was an actual person who had been engaged in actual play—at a pastime—when they brought to him the news of a sudden and dreadful maturity. This was the playing field on which the war against Japan was won, and here, indeed, was a philosopher thrust into politics at the precise point where politics becomes critical and goes into violence and war. Here in the concrete was the image which had escaped me—the very Hamlet of our age. For this was the tragedy of Hamlet, a philosopher thrust into power at a time of violence.

I have traveled with nuclear physicists now for seven years, but not until that moment at Stagg Field did I realize what they are trying to say for us: "O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and still be King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams!"

Now you have your Hamlet and I have mine. In this "spacious mirror" each age and person can find himself. The versatile Prince speaks not only with the tongue of Shakespeare, but with that most eloquent voice of conscience which makes Hamlets of us all. There is the Hamlet of the psychology professors, and a very good one it is. There is also the Hamlet of the English professors. We learned about him along with 1066—and what a hesitant, vacillating fellow he is, full of conundrums and much-annotated phrases! But over on the other side of the campus, gentle sirs, we find professors who have known in fact what it is to see their thoughts translated into sword-swift action against defenseless persons. And here, I venture to think, we may learn again why this play, once felt, never ends but plays itself continually within us.

I ASK you not to think of Elsinore's lobbies as Laurence Olivier saw them—empty as the surrealist infinities of a dream. I ask you to see them as we know the lobbies around political power have always been and always will be—crowded with ambitions, schemers, and factions. Now let us see what new we can cram within this ancient O, already as many-layered as an onion—or an atom.

Shakespeare's play opens with various warnings that the philosopher-prince we are about to meet cannot be considered only a man, or only a poet or a philosopher; he is a prince

Michael Amrine is on the staff of the Federation of American Scientists and is author of "Secret," a novel about an atomic scientist and the fight for civilian control of the bomb.

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and belongs to his command, as it belongs to him.

In the first act Laertes tells Ophelia to beware of his affections:

> His will is not his own;
> For he himself is subject to his birth;
> He may not, as unvalued persons do,
> Carve for himself, for on his choice
> Depends the safety and the health
> of this whole state,
> And therefore must his voice be circumscribed
> Into the voice and yielding of that body.

In remembering the play, we ordinarily think not of the early scenes, but of the scene with the Ghost upon the parapet. It is also true of the scientists of today that they see their ordeal beginning with the crisis of the war, and not with Copernicus upsetting the past order, or with the Industrial Revolution they fathered changing the face of the world. Only now do they begin to glimpse that Reason, in furnishing playful ideas of which mankind made deadly toys (the subway and the steeltown preceding the atom bomb), had wielded a power for which accounting and responsibility must inevitably come. Like Hamlet, they were stunned with surprise when confronted with the ghost of the past challenging the brutality of the present.

In the case of Hamlet of Elsinore, he goes in darkest secrecy to meet his murdered father and learns that he comes from Hell. The issues are squarely joined when the Ghost has asked Hamlet not only to be detective, which is a simple task for an inventive mind, but to be judge, which is a hard task for any mortal, and to be executioner, which is a task repugnant to any philosopher. Detectives have many second chances, judges some, and executioners none. To this dreadful triple task Hamlet, without the slightest hesitation, answers yes!

This is his loyalty oath, for it is the essence of loyalty oaths that free minds must be bound not to their best judgment, but to a course of action rigidly defined and spelled out. So, the oath:

> Remember thee!
> Yea, from the table of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial fond records
> All saws of books, all forms, all
> pressures past,
> That youth and observation copied
> there;
> And thy commandment all alone
> shall live
> Within the book and volume of my
> brain.

Following this oath Hamlet's first step is to bind his friends to secrecy.

Why the secrecy then? Why the secrecy later? This secrecy does not merely double Hamlet's responsibility, it multiplies many times his already triple task—as so does modern secrecy.

Here we have really passed to the mystery and might of Hamlet's agony—for from this moment he is committed to the course he implies when he says, "My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth!" The late Harold Goddard put it thus: "For what was such a man made? Plainly for the ultimate things: for wonder, for curiosity and the pursuit of truth, for love, for creation—but first of all for freedom, the condition of the other four—and this man is called upon to kill. It is almost as if Jesus had been asked to play the role of Napoleon."

These are extravagant words for a scholar, but not in an age which has taken the work of the saintly Einstein and created a weapon ruthless beyond the dreams of Genghis Khan.

SO ONE can go through the play, finding in each corner a facet which shows a spark when placed in the livid light of the atomic age.

The two soliloquies come forth again in freshness.

The "to be or not to be" is the very spirit of the physicist of 1952, as he considers whether or not to take political action—or to work on the superbombs which can destroy the palace of civilization. Today many of them openly say they have done with the "law's delay, the insolence of office"—they will retreat to their ivory towers, and let this world be damned. And so there they play with proton on proton as Hamlet played with word on word, and there they find as little pleasure in the game which once to them was life itself. "To die, to sleep; to sleep, perchance to dream . . . for in that sleep of death what dreams may come . . ."

We, too, know those mushroom-shaped dreams.

But our inarticulate, politically inexperienced Hamlets find their true cue in the less poetic but more crucial soliloquy which gives us a key text to the scientist's position—"And now I am alone." Here Hamlet looks at the strolling players and wonders that this player "in a dream of passion" can force his whole function to a conceit. "What would he do, had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have?" It is this soliloquy which ends: "The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

This is the key to our reading of the Hamlet of Hiroshima. How much different it would have been had he said, "*We'll* catch the conscience of the King!" But first some other observations.

For generations men have read into Hamlet situations of their time or allegories of their own making. And consciously or unconsciously it makes an excellent parlor puzzle. Today one could think of the dead king as the noble tradition of the austere and chaste science of the nineteenth century. One could think of the Queen, Gertrude, as Alma Mater herself, the Mother University who wifes science and begets philosophy. And for the soldier-uncle one can easily cast the military of our day. Here one can appreciate Hamlet's unkindest cut, that the funeral baked-meats do grace the marriage table. This alliance is not one of rape but mutual seduction; the Queen is infatuated with her powerful new husband.

The man of science today is much sorrowed by the corruption of Alma Mater under the pressures of our day—and, to be Freudian for the moment, he is none the less sorrowful because in his unconscious he would once have wished to dominate the humanities as the military shadow now dominates them—and him!

There are many such things in the play, and many of them are fine and just.

As the atomic scientists in particular have run from one thing to another they have, as a friend of mine puts it, "very often, like the Prince, had the power to drive mad the ones who love them best." Many friends of the atomic scientists have thought of throwing themselves, like Ophelia, in a lagoon.

It is also true that the Prince loves to play actor. We see it perhaps best in the scene with the skull of Yorick, the scene which to every common man since Shakespeare's day has symbol-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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The World. When it comes to our foreign relations, we Americans tend to be myopic. A decade ago many of us were convinced that if the partners of the Berlin-Tokyo-Rome Axis could only be destroyed, the future peace and welfare of the world would be assured. Now many of us are equally convinced that if Soviet Communism were only wiped out—or at least "contained"—all would be well for ourselves and the rest of the world. One American farsighted enough to see beyond the problem looming in the foreground is Stringfellow Barr, whose "Citizens of the World" (reviewed below) considers what we must do to achieve a peaceful world with or even without Communism. His argument that Communism is only one of our problems is given support by the four recent books on the Near East which Hal Lehrman reviews on page 13. Anyone who would understand how American foreign policy has been shaped during the past half-century would do well to study "Turbulent Era," the revealing memoirs of Joseph C. Grew, one of the ablest and most experienced of our career diplomats (see page 12).

Anthill or Garden

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD. By Stringfellow Barr. New York: Doubleday & Co. 285 pp. $3.

By Harrison Brown

"LET'S Join the Human Race," a pamphlet written by Stringfellow Barr in 1950, created considerable stir in the United States and has been termed by Justice William O. Douglas "one of the most important political tracts of our time." This book is an extension and an amplification of the original essay. In my opinion it is the most courageous, exciting, thoughtful, and constructive discussion of the present world situation that has been published since the Great Fear first spread over our land, silencing the voices of seemingly intelligent men and compelling practically every public action to be taken in the name of anti-Communism.

Stringfellow Barr decries the fact that our foreign policy has been directed primarily at "containing Communism," that practically every action which we have taken abroad has been aimed at fighting the cold war, that at home our energies have gone into the Red Hunt—a term which, in actual practice, has been synonymous with ganging up on the liberals. In our concentration on the struggle with Russia we have forgotten that Russia and the United States together account for less than one-sixth of the world's population and that the greater part of that population is in revolution. "The fact is," says Mr. Barr, "we do not live in the world that most of the human race inhabits—or at least we have not yet found out that we live in their world."

Unfortunately, most of us have not seen the world that exists outside of Western civilization. We have not seen the poverty and misery, the debility brought by malaria and intestinal parasites, the malnutrition which is so widespread that the average Asian child of fifteen is four inches shorter than children of his same age and race who are fortunate enough to be born in America. Nor have we seen the famine which drives men to eat bark, the mud huts with fifteen persons sleeping on a dirt floor in one room, the ever-present death which kills one out of five babies during the first year of life. We have not seen these things—yet they are rules rather than exceptions.

But the people who live in the rest of the world know about us. They know that we are well fed. They know about the machine and what it can give them in the way of a better existence. They know how the machine in the hands of "the white man" made the Western world wealthy, while leaving the rest of the world with distorted economies. Now they want their own machines. And, above all, they want bread. "They are on the march in the first worldwide revolution history records. . . . But, shooting Communists will not stop it; destroying Russia plus her satellites will not stop it; nor can we stop it by destroying Russia, her satellites, and every living

Harrison Brown, a nuclear physicist on the faculty of the California Institute of Technology, is the author of "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?"

THE AUTHOR: Stringfellow ("Winkie") Barr, a dynamic, enterprising Southern gent of fifty-five, whom most people think of either as a college president or a drum-beater for world government, actually is one of the nation's best agents for out-of-print authors. A decade ago, if a man wanted a copy of, say, Copernicus's "The Revolutions of Celestial Spheres" in English, he might have ransacked all the country's bookstores and left empty-handed. Barr, however, out to "free the intellect," helped resuscitate Copernicus with the aid of a mimeograph, selling his book over the counter at St. John's, Annapolis, Md., the college of which Barr was president for ten years until 1946. Chaps like Ptolemy, Kepler, and Apollonius were similarly brought around. The fact is, had Barr not done so, *he* would have been empty-handed, somewhat of an embarrassing predicament for a man who had just introduced the "Hundred Great Books" curriculum to the St. Johnnies. The curriculum caused comment. Barr, a hardened gravedigger of the textbooks-and-electives system, went on to transport the "Hundred" idea beyond the campus—to radio as "Invitation to Learning." He has written a few books of his own: "Mazzini," in 1935, and "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," a plea for a world-state, in 1949. The other day in Charlottesville, where he is doubling as president of the Foundation for World Government and as visiting professor of political science at the University of Virginia, his alma mater, Barr discussed his career as a pamphleteer—in particular, "Let's Join the Human Race," dealing with the world's economic and political problems. "Since it attacked American foreign policy without first insulting Stalin," Barr recalled, "I had the devil of a time getting it published. But I hoped that, even during the Cold War, I might get at 5,000 people or so. The pamphlet has now run to 200,000 and is still going strong. The problem that interests me," he summed up, "is less why our relations with Russia are bad; but why our relations have gotten steadily worse with a couple of billion people who for some curious reason are neither Russian nor American. Why, in short, everybody is out of step but us." His book is his answer. —Bernard Kalb.

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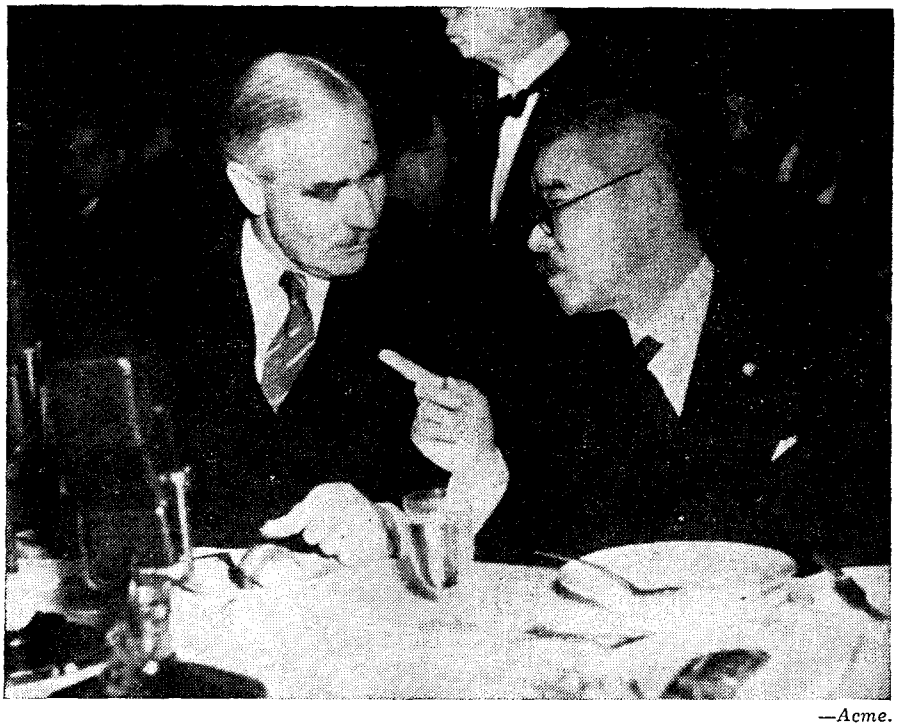

—Acme.

Ambassador Grew and Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka—"genuine gift for diplomacy."

Communist in the non-Communistic world."

The major fallacy underlying our foreign policy, according to Mr. Barr, is that it is based upon the false assumption that Russia is all that stands between mankind and a stable peace. But people who dwell in hunger, in poverty, in sickness, and in ignorance cannot view Russia or Communism as the world's chief problem. "We decry daily Russia's failure to achieve our standard of living, but these people would gladly settle for Russia's standard. . . We cannot very well tell our starving neighbors that Russian industry is a special kind, powerful for the ends of war but helpless for the ends of peace. They would laugh if it was the last thing they had strength to do before dying."

Unfortunately, we have allowed Russia to seize the initiative among the starving. "When Russia has loudly offered bread to the hungry, we have promised to look into the matter of bread some day provided the hungry will help us contain Russia." We offer, instead of bread, the opportunity to fight for a vaguely defined freedom and for an even more vaguely defined justice.

The tragedy of the situation is amplified by the fact that our scientists and our technologists know that the relief of worldwide misery is physically within our reach if we would but join the rest of the human race in a joint attack upon the problem. But we have not joined with others; instead, our help and aid have been going where Cold War politics have directed it. Our Government sabotaged UNRRA, and within the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations it has, together with the Soviet Government, sabotaged every major effort to set up alternative machinery for an assault upon world misery. Indeed, so intent are we in our efforts to contain Russia, the Great Fear is making the United Nations itself appear to be subversive.

Mr. Barr urges that we join with the peoples of the world, with or without Russia, and establish an International Development Authority—in effect a world TVA, which would be dedicated to raising the living standards of the underdeveloped countries. He does not believe that such an authority would be a guarantee of peace, but he presents a convincing argument to the effect that something on the scale he visualizes is necessary if another war is to be avoided. This reviewer for one is convinced that he is right. But the specific solutions and remedies proposed by Mr. Barr are not the most important features of his book. The greatness of the book lies in his clear statement of the problems that confront us, his vigorous efforts to catalyze us into activity, his courageous denunciation of our present fears, and his persistent attempts to get us to think instead of parroting cliches, slogans, threats, and self-congratulations.

Every person, no matter what his political outlook might be, should read this book. All will not agree with Barr's thesis. But I believe that all will benefit from exposure to the fresh viewpoint which he presents.

National Retainer

TURBULENT ERA: A Diplomatic Record of Forty Years, 1904-1945. By Joseph C. Grew. Edited by Walter Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols., 1560 pp. $15.

By Dexter Perkins

THERE are not many books that describe the role of the professional diplomat in American foreign policy, and especially there are not many professional diplomats with the record of Joseph C. Grew. In the four decades Mr. Grew was in the foreign service, between 1904 and 1945, his tours of duty covered the widest geographical area: Egypt, Mexico, Russia, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Switzerland, Turkey, and Japan. In addition to all this, he was Under-Secretary of State from 1924 to 1927, and again from 1944 to 1945. Here, then, is a record of almost unparalleled length, and also of great distinction. The story that Mr. Grew tells is made more intelligible by the excellent editing of Professor Walter Johnson.

The first impression one gets from this notable book is of the author's incredible industry. This voluminous record of his activities was combined with very heavy duties wherever he was serving. It is filled with all sorts of detail, detail as interesting oftentimes to the social historian as to the student of diplomacy. Moreover, it reveals a deeply conscientious man, with a genuine gift for the give-and-take of dipomacy, and with a growing wisdom and influence in the posts to which he was assigned.

Yet, at the same time, we are led again and again to feel how deeply personal are the decisions made by the men at the very top in the diplomatic service. When, for example, Mr. Grew served with Ambassador Gerard in Berlin in the days before the First World War, he seems often not to have been taken into the confidence of his chief. When he was at Paris in 1919, as secretary to the Commission to Negotiate Peace, we find him saying that the major decisions were made by Colonel House or the President without consulting the other members of the delegation. When he was Under-Secretary of State under Kellogg, we find him complaining of the aloofness of the Secretary. Grew, in fact, did not get along with the irascible head of the

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Dexter Perkins, author of "America and Two Wars," "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy," and other books, is professor of history at the University of Rochester.

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department, and the termination of his service undoubtedly was in part due to Kellogg's disapproval of his action in 1926, taken during the absence of his chief, in ordering American destroyers to keep the Taku channel open in case the civil war in China threatened to close it. "I understand, Mr. Secretary, that during my absence you have declared war on China," was Kellogg's extremely unfair comment on this occasion.

Mr. Grew's service in Turkey was useful, and his account of it interesting as a picture of that country under Mustapha Kemal. But the climax of his service was, of course, in Japan. One can see in his very full account of his long service there many respects in which he was not in full sympathy with the department. He did not like Secretary Hull's moral homilies (in which the reviewer thinks he was correct). He hoped against hope for some kind of adjustment with Japan. Most important of all is his suggestion that the Administration made a bad error in not accepting the proposal of Prince Konoye, the prime minister, in the summer of 1941, for a personal conference with President Roosevelt. He believes that the Japanese had been badly shaken by the outbreak of the war between Germany and the Soviet Union and by the severance of financial relations with the United States, and that there was a good chance of coming to some adjustment with Nippon if the conference had been held. He makes a good, though not necessarily a thoroughly convincing, case for his point of view, and leaves one with an uneasy feeling that at least the experiment should have been tried. He also thinks that if it had been made clear to the Japanese authorities that the United States would not insist upon the deposition of the Emperor and, if some statement on this had been made in May 1945, that the war might have been shortened. Here again his views are entitled to serious consideration. It is needless to say that he was a strong partisan of leaving Hirohito on his throne, and events seem to have proved his wisdom in this regard.

It is impossible in a brief review to do full justice to the richness of this book. Here is a great and devoted public servant giving us a very full account of his experience. Here, too, is one of the most authentic pictures we have ever had of the role of the professional diplomat, and of his relationship to the men who stand at the controls. In observing the limitations as well as the achievements of his long service, we are led to see more clearly than ever before the heavy burdens that rest upon the men who direct the professionals, upon the Secretary of State and the President of the United States.

The Old World Stirs

TURKISH CROSSROADS. By Bernard Newman. New York: Philosophical Library. 258 *pp.* $4.75.

GREECE: AMERICAN DILEMMA AND OPPORTUNITY. By L. S. Stavrianos. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 246 *pp.* $3.25.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF IRAQ. Report of a Mission organized by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development at the Request of the Government of Iraq. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 463 *pp.* $5.

THE ARAB REFUGEE PROBLEM. By Joseph B. Schechtman. New York: Philosophical Library. 137 *pp.* $3.

By Hal Lehrman

ONE of the great difficulties in keeping the Eastern Mediterranean on the democratic side of the current global argument is the tendency of captains and kings in most of the area to treat their peoples much as Nasr-ed-Din treated his donkey.

The illustrious *hodja* of Turkish legend, desiring to save piasters, cut his donkey's ration of oats by a handful one day. When no harm resulted, he kept back two handfuls the next day, then more and more, until finally a day came when the donkey was getting nothing. The following morning, however, Nasr-ed-Din found the poor beast dead. "Woe is me!" lamented the *hodja*. "Just when I had taught my donkey to live on air, he goes and dies!"

The underprivileged folk of the Eastern Mediterranean, with a wider range of choice and action than the fabled donkey, have begun thinking of dispatching their *hodjas* rather than amiably expiring themselves. Their masters have endeavored to make them forget the empty bag of oats by inciting them against various foreign devils. But one of these devils, with a Russian accent, has been winning favorable attention by concealing his pitchfork and brandishing instead a feedbag containing only air but pumped up to look delectable. Meanwhile riot, revolt, and assassination have become almost as commonplace as the inability of Western diplomacy to evolve a pacifying formula through a judicious balance of oats, firmness, and guile.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.
"The Bait."

We have here four books dealing with as many aspects of the Eastern Mediterranean problem—each widely dispersed geographically but closely related in nature and stress. Two of the books discuss Turkey and Greece, in the Mediterranean's Balkan hinterland. The others examine symptomatic elements of crisis in the Mediterranean's Arab hinterland: poverty and stagnation in Iraq; the Arab League-Israel deadlock over the Palestine refugees.

In "Turkish Crossroads" Bernard Newman, prodigious British author of some sixty highly readable travel books, foreign "backgrounders," detective stories, and novels of intrigue, has produced a report which combines the charm of personal exploration with skilful research and solid appraisal of up-to-date information.

Turkey, once the "Sick Man of Europe" when sprawled over the northern and southern shores of the Inland Sea, has miraculously become a sort of "strong man of the Middle East" since confined to a modest corner of Europe and Anatolia. Kemal Ataturk once pledged that "I will lead my people by the hand . . . until they know their way; then they may choose for themselves and rule themselves." More or less, this is what has happened, and Mr. Newman convincingly demonstrates that today's Turks are the most—nearly the only—reliable friends we have on the southwestern approaches to the Soviet empire.

With practised ingenuity, Newman plays the role of inquiring tourist, pretending to explain Turkey to us as Turkey explained herself to him on

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Hal Lehrman, foreign correspondent and lecturer on Balkan and Middle Eastern affairs, recently wrote "Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow."

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trains, planes, bicycles, hikes, and other excursions. Here and there the device is a bit forced, as when the author has chance fellow passengers deliver to him, between quotation marks, precise lectures on Turkish mining, agriculture, industry, foreign trade, and the New Woman. The analysis is also limited by a certain insularity: our British observer seems quite unaware of the important contributions from the Marshall Plan and U.S. military aid, and he makes a point of persuading himself that the Turks prefer Englishmen to Americans. In general, he prudently abjures comment on Anglo-American policy. But these are relatively minor lapses in a book which does manage, better than most recent works, to show that the modern Turks have made outstanding progress mainly by their own efforts while the rest of the Oriental world around them has stood still.

Newman avoids two chronic mistakes: that Turkey is a completely Westernized state; or, alternatively, that she is essentially no different from any other Oriental community because she still shows deep traces of her origins. The facts are that Turkey is the only country where a dictatorship has yielded peaceably to a democratically chosen regime, and the only Eastern Mediterranean country (except Israel) to have held a truly free and fair postwar election. The Democratic Party now managing Turkey has a long way to go to implement its campaign pledges, but it has at least begun. Human rights and equality of opportunity are not yet fully in flower, but the buds are more than dimly visible. And there are no harsh internal divisions to mar the implacable front of a united people against the Soviet colossus. As Newman puts it, "English is the best language for a man to use to his friend, French to his wife, Italian to his mistress, German to his horse—and Turkish to the Russians . . ."

Next door is Greece, as different in her present unhappy disunity from Turkey as L. S. Stavrianos's book is different from Newman's in tone and method. "Greece: American Dilemma and Opportunity" is an angry, bitter, but documented review of British, American, and right-wing Greek programs and policies in the modern Greek tragedy.

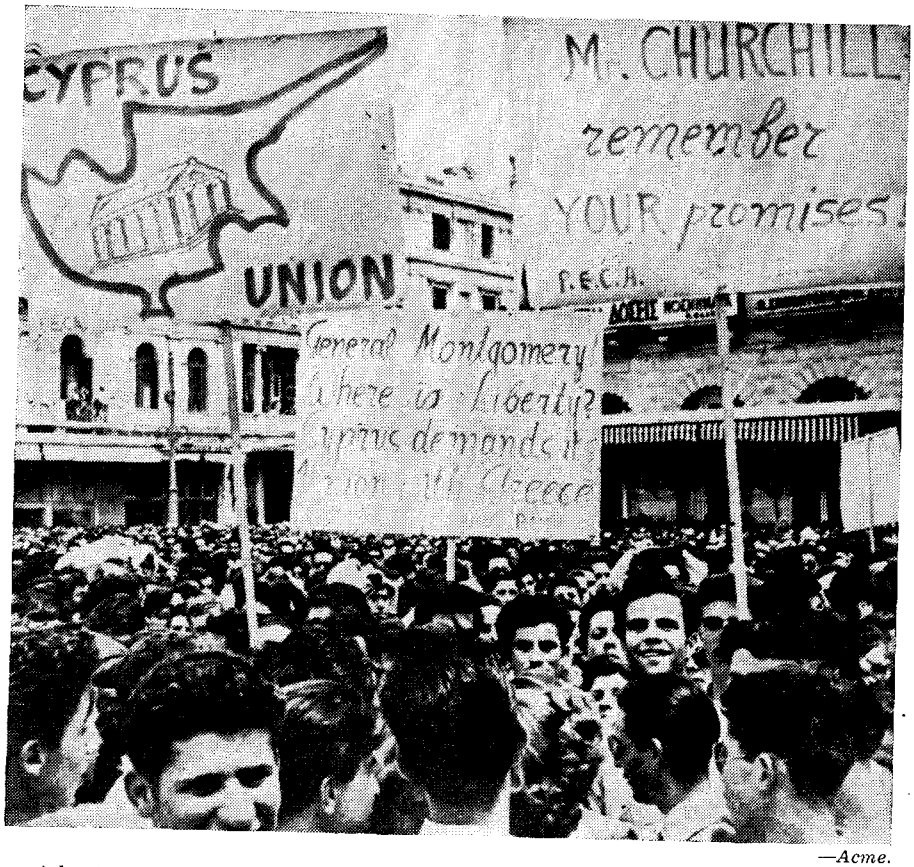
Associate professor of history at Northwestern and wartime Greek specialist for OSS, Mr. Stavrianos has known Greece long and intimately. His familiarity with the subject does not save him from a pitfall common to many liberals sincerely troubled by the gaps in Western performance: a tendency to minimize or ignore the iniquity on the other side. Thus, for instance, EAM, the left-wing force which Greek reaction, with Western support, tried to destroy, is represented in rather ideal terms; no inference is drawn from the admitted fact that EAM, though only 10 per cent Communist in mass membership, had a Communist majority in its Central Committee; no awareness is evident that the Greek Communists, if they had not been stopped, would have betrayed the Popular Front—as they have betrayed it everywhere else—and imposed on Greece a tyranny blacker even than any she has ever known.

This opaqueness aside, however, Professor Stavrianos is singularly lucid in exposing the injuries done by ourselves to the Greek people and to our own cause. Churchillism, Bevinism, and even the Truman Doctrine in turn, he argues with vigor, have persisted in propping up incompetent regimes which have abysmally failed to give the Greeks security, tranquility, or desperately needed reforms despite a veritable deluge of Western material aid (currently $1,000,000 daily). Greece has not been permitted to acquire the ingredients which are Turkey's strength: dedicated leaders with a sense of history and some feeling of responsibility to the nation.

We finally defeated the Communist-led guerrillas in battle but, Stavrianos warns, we have yet to win the Greek people. He concedes that recent American policy has been more enlightened and that at this late date an overdrastic policy of internal change might have dangerous international repercussions. He admits, too, that the political Center in Greece is at present weak and disorganized. But he advocates firm American support of this Center as the only promise of a square deal for the Greek masses, without whose gratitude and allegiance the West's outposts in Greece will be built on sand.

"The Economic Development of Iraq," though it deals with a remote Arab kingdom and is objectively technical, is really on the same theme as the Stavrianos book—the incredible destitution of the peoples around the Eastern Mediterranean and how to alleviate it for the sake of the populations involved and also for us all.

Invited by the Iraq Government itself to investigate conditions and recommend changes, a mission sent by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development manifestly could not comment too bluntly on Iraq's rulers and proprietors in this formal public report. The bulk of the Mission's analysis is a poker-faced elaboration of suggested programs to use part of Iraq's vast oil revenues for



—*Acme.*

Athenians demanding cession of Cyprus—"we have yet to win the Greek people."

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improvements in agriculture, industry, transportation, communications, public health, community planning, and education.

Nevertheless, the Mission could not escape noting the contrast between Iraq's high economic potential and endemic poverty, the $84 per capita annual income, the 90 per cent illiteracy, the incidence of malaria, hookworm, and bilharzia, the chasm between landowners and peasants, the monumental debilities of government. No amount of tact could soften the Mission's insistence that a prerequisite for success of any development program in Iraq must be "improvement in public administration," which is noteworthy for its "excessive centralization . . . , coordination lacking . . . , efficiency declined . . . , offices overstaffed . . . , promotion based on considerations other than merit . . . , morale . . ." Such phenomena are not peculiar to Iraq but standard throughout the Arab world. Until such advice as the International Bank here offers is liberally applied by the present native rulers or more imaginative successors, diplomatic arrangements for regional security will be only stopgap, at best.

In "The Arab Refugee Problem" Joseph B. Schechtman confronts another characteristic challenge to Western efforts for Mediterranean serenity. Here again the backdrop is destitution and mass suffering, with Soviet manipulators biding their time in the wings.

A longtime Zionist of Revisionist (nationalist) persuasion, Mr. Schechtman argues a thesis which lays the blame for the Palestine refugee impasse squarely on Arab intransigence and Western docility. This appears to be a partisan view, but in the light of the evidence it is difficult to refute Schechtman's case as he develops it from the first moment of Arab flight until the latest timeserving resolution in the United Nations. An interlude of Arab political realism in 1951 seemed to promise Arab cooperation in solution of the problem by large-scale integration of refugees into internationally sponsored development projects. But rising xenophobia in the Middle East has since dispelled this breath of reasonableness, without effective opposition from the Powers who are footing the refugee relief bill.

Unless the West spikes further Arab maneuvers to play the refugees as political pawns, Schechtman predicts, "the dangerous game is likely to continue . . . and no man can assess how disastrous its ultimate consequence not only to the Middle East but to the world community itself."

World Book Notes

WESTERNERS' GUIDE TO JAPAN: Readers would do well not to confuse Sir G. B. Sansom's "The Western World and Japan," a ground-breaking study of the interaction of two world cultures, with his latest volume, **"Japan in World History"** (Institute of Pacific Relations, New York, $2), a series of lectures delivered at the University of Tokyo, which is a discussion of historical method that does not break new ground or plow deeply into old. The main concern of the author is to develop a method whereby Western students, unable to approach the depth and sensitivity with which Japanese scholars interpret their own culture, can nevertheless make a contribution to Japanese studies. His advice is to project Japan against a background of world history, and then, by making comparisons with one's native culture, to sift shared elements from those which are specifically Japanese. Most of the book is devoted to applications of this method. In one example, the author observes that England and Japan faced chronic food shortages in the early eighteenth century which England but not Japan was able to solve. This disparity of success could not have been due to the feudal constitution of Japan, for England had jettisoned feudalism without solving her agrarian problems. By continuing this process of analysis, the author concludes that Japan's lack of foreign trade was the significant and differentiating factor. Perhaps in the hands of a George Sansom, whose erudition is as vast as his pretensions are humble, there is no danger that this method would lead to glib parallelisms, to violations of contexts, or to a vogue of impressionism, where the impressions are preconceived. But the danger exists for others, and surely it is the common sense of the matter that the burden of having to know two cultures is twice as heavy as the burden of having to know one.

—Walter Paul Metzger.

SWITZERLAND, PORTUGAL, IRELAND: Good one-volume histories of minor states and nations are none too plentiful in English. The United Nations Series, edited by Robert J. Kerner, and the American Foreign Policy Library, edited by Sumner Welles, are helping to fill this half-empty shelf, but much may be done through the enterprise of individual scholars. It is a pleasure to welcome three new texts on three secondary European states.

The able historians, two British and one Swiss, who fused their talents to produce **"A Short History of Switzerland"** (Oxford University Press, $7) are to be congratulated on a first-rate performance. Lucid, authoritative, and unprejudiced, it will please every student and serious layman who wants to understand the Swiss and their part in European annals. Half the book covers developments from Roman times to 1648, half is reserved for the last three hundred years. This is sound cumulative emphasis. Readers who find the final chapter on the twentieth century too brief may turn to contemporary surveys such as André Siegfried's "Switzerland: A Democratic Way of Life."

Charles E. Nowell, in his forthright preface to **"A History of Portugal"** (D. Van Nostrand, $4.50), reminds us that the thoughts of Americans may be focused on that country by events of the near future. His crisp, factual, sympathetic summary of Portuguese history, culture, and achievements combines popular appeal with sound scholarship and is embellished by twelve fine illustrations and half-a-dozen maps. It is astonishing that the exploits of the great Portuguese captains, exploits unexcelled for romance and audacity, are so little known in this country. There is no further excuse for neglecting them with historians like Morison, Prestage, Sanceau, Collis, and Nowell culling out the best of them for our entertainment.

In his **"History of Ireland under the Union"** (British Book Centre, $9.50), P. S. O'Hegarty makes a weighty contribution to the rapidly growing body of recent literature on Ireland by Irishmen. His disclaimer that the account is "concerned almost wholly with political history" is too modest; it contains searching chapters on economic, social, religious, cultural, and educational movements also. A distinctive feature is the rich use of lengthy and

(*Continued on page* 38)

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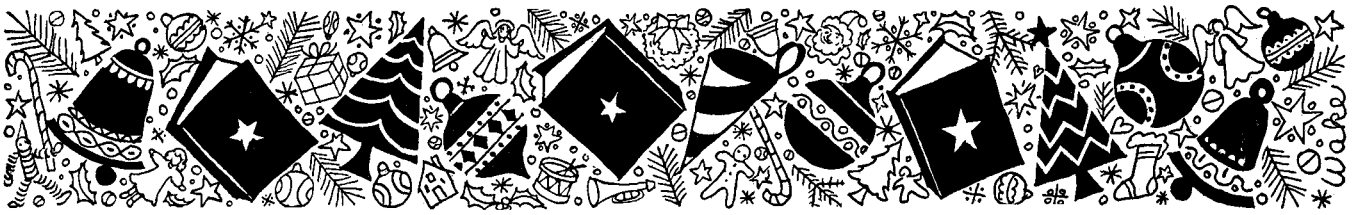

Christmas in Bookshelves

Reveries of a Literary Santa Claus

ROBERT HALSBAND

As the Christmas season approached—about one hundred years ago—a shopper could buy a gift which is today practically unobtainable. The "gift book" was a lavishly decorated miscellany costing as little as thirty-seven cents or as much as twenty pre-Civil War dollars. The grateful recipient would push aside the bric-a-brac on the parlor table to make place for the volume, and there it would lie to be perused by visitors and family. It would bear a title like "The Atlantic Souvenir," "The Token," "The Gift," "The Keepsake," or—more pointedly—"Remember Me," "Forget Me Not." Between its decorated covers was a varied collection of stories and poems, all highly moral and polite and occasionally didactic, and interspersed with engravings, lithographs, end-pieces, flower borders, and any other elegance of Victorian decoration.

These volumes of "luxurious literature," as a writer called them, were visible proof that prosperous America had achieved cultural respectability, and could even rival Europe in letters, art, and bookmaking. As many as thirty different gift books were published in a single season, and more than one thousand altogether in the years of popularity, from 1825 until the end of the Civil War.

Why did the gift book go out of fashion? Various reasons: their sentimental and exotic tone crumbled under the new realism that followed the war; their novelty had been exploited to its limits; and the rise of monthly magazines (*Knickerbocker's, Godey's, Graham's*) satisfied readers who liked a varied diet. So ended this curious literary species.

And yet it has survived in a different form. At Christmas instead of *gift books* we choose *book gifts*. These books are more important for what they contain than for their expensive and "refined" appearance. Of the many that are published with the gift-giving season as their goal, a selection is described below.

Miscellanies

One attempt has been made this year to revive the gift book with **"Flair Annual 1953,"** edited by Fleur Cowles (Random House, $10). As a monthly it had a short, riotous life; as an annual it successfully concentrates all the faults which made it such fun as a magazine. The peep-hole in the cover is now an austere quadrangle to show the year; but its mobile, multi-colored intestines and all the cut-outs and swinging doors and windows still open to display the same snobbery and *chi-chi*. Many of the illustrations of paintings, drawings, and photographs are handsome. Most of the eminent names listed as contributors seem to have succumbed to its precious atmosphere; an exception is Virgil Thomson's crisp piece on Mr. Bing's mismanagement of the Met. The book is a success in one way: like its Victorian prototype, it can be laid on a table to be casually perused for its splashy refinement—but hardly for anything else.

From England comes **"The Saturday Book 12"** (Macmillan, $5), another seasonal gift book; and though more modest in format it is not much more interesting in content. Its short stories are flabby, and its articles drip with nostalgia for the good old days. The rest of the book is a pleasant grab-bag of verse and illustrations. Most rewarding are a section on the Twenties (with many funny photographs) and a piece by Sacheverell Sitwell (with colored plates) on Arthur Devis, a delightful eighteenth-century painter of conversation pieces.

A miscellany of humor has been selected by P. G. Wodehouse and Scott Meredith in **"The Week-End Book of Humor"** (Washburn, $3). The pieces are sure-fire, including Perelman, Nash, Woollcott, Thurber, Stewart, and (of course) Wodehouse. The few pages of cartoons, however, are not so well selected.

From the humorous department of *The Saturday Evening Post,* John Bailey has put together a full sampling of **"Post Scripts"** (Macrae-Smith, $2.95). Whether prose or verse they are sometimes too cozy, but in general their wit and humor make them good enough to deserve transplanting from the perishable pages of the magazine into book form.

Another magazine has chosen seventy of its pieces and put them between hard covers as **"The Bedside Coronet"** (Doubleday, $3.95). The pieces are typical: on self-help, marital problems, inspiration, medical information, biographical sketches, and so on. Why they should be read in bed can best be answered by an insomniac.

A refreshing and varied miscellany has been made up of Cedric Adams's

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columns in the *Minneapolis Tribune* and called **"Poor Cedric's Almanac"** (Doubleday, $3.50). He somehow succeeds in writing pieces that are honest and human, and sidesteps the pitfalls of column-mongering. Whether he writes about the weather, children, home remedies, junk in the attic, animals, s-e-x, or himself, he is disarmingly light and readable. Minneapolis's gain is now ours, in this handy almanac.

Primarily Pictorial

A view of life in the last century can be seen in the handsome volume of **"Currier and Ives's America"** (Crown, $10), edited by Colin Simkin with a neatly informative introduction. The varied range of eighty prints, large and well reproduced in color, evokes a homespun sentimental atmosphere—which is, of course, a romanticized version of the period. If escapism today comes through the movies, it came then through these cheap and widely dispersed lithographs. As gathered here they make a fine sample of Americana.

The news events of the world during the last year are brought together by **"Year: 1952 Edition"** (Year, Inc., Los Angeles, $6.95), in unromanticized photographs with a text commentary. Many of the pictures are fresh, obtained apparently from sources not used by the press services and weeklies. But the editors have in general used too many small pictures; fewer with larger layouts would give the volumes more dramatic force. Among the main topics for the past year is the Presidential nomination, and since election came after the September deadline, its coverage will come next year—an unavoidable fault. A new section of comic cartoons at the end invites the reader to relax after the grim year he has lived—and looked—through.

Year, Inc., has also put together a pictorial history of the world's religions in the **"Bible and Christianity"** ($7.95). The pictures, about a thousand of them, are varied because of the wide span in time and geography they cover; and the text, though superficial, is readable and inoffensive.

A new book that is both pictorial and antiquarian is Ruth Webb Lee's **"A History of Valentines"** (Studio-Crowell, $5.75). Her survey, after starting with the eighteenth-century cut-outs, becomes much fuller for the Victorian celebration, when the custom of sending mementos flourished. Valentines were either elaborately sentimental, with lace-edging, ribbons, and padding, or weirdly comic. (As in Dickens's novels, these two contrasting aspects existed side by side.) Four colored plates and over two hundred black-and-white illustrations show the progress of the custom in England and this country.

Cartoon Laughs

Instead of visual edification, a group of books—especially popular for Christmas—offers visual amusement. Abner Dean's **"Come As You Are"** (Simon and Schuster, $3) is at the same time funny and frightening. His inspired vision of what happens at parties, drawn with a kind of concrete surrealism, will awaken in the reader's memory some of the assorted agonies he has endured for the cause of social fellowship. A visit to the parties within this book should cure anybody in his right mind of going to any real ones.

When an editor of the famous comic magazine was told, "*Punch* is not as good as it was," he replied, "It never was." Put that down as British understatement, for in its own way it is still good. And to prove that the humor of *Punch* can tickle Americans too, Marvin Rosenberg and William Cole have selected **"The Best Cartoons from Punch"** (Simon and Schuster, $3). They omit those which depend on local situations, and then we see (as A. P. Herbert points out in his fine introduction) that we share with the British, as well as with the rest of mankind, a sensitivity to the same funny things. About seventy artists are exhibited here, which makes for variety in humor and in line-drawings. Inconspicuously absent are jokes about sex; *Punch,* over a hundred years old, does not change its ways.

The power of the comic cartoon is proved by the figures of John Held, Jr., whose flappers and sheiks still carry a powerful tang of the Twenties. His long-shanked, angular caricatures have now been mated with a story—by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.—in **"Held's Angels"** (Crowell, $3.95). The story, made up of the reminiscences of a middle-aged sheik emeritus, is heavy and obvious; but the plentiful cartoons are, even with their repetitiousness, still effectively nostalgic. If sex takes a holiday from *Punch,* it is certainly having one with Held's creatures. It is accompanied, of course, by the usual hip-flasks, raccoon coats, Stutz roadsters, and the other paraphernalia of that improbable era.

Games

Of all the year's holidays, Christmas packs in the greatest number of festivities and headaches. The first half of **"The Holiday Book,"** by Marguerite Kohl and Frederica Young (McKay, $3), is given over to solving some of the inescapable pleasures of the joyous season: decorations, gifts, wrapping, recipes, party games, and songs. Then, following the calendar, it deals with other holidays: New Year's with recipes (but no hangover cures!), Valentine's, St. Patrick's, Easter, Passover (recipes,

—*From "Come As You Are."*

AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE LEFT: "How did we get so wonderful?"

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again), picnics, Halloween, and finally Thanksgiving. By the number of recipes a woman's book; and in general a pleasantly informal and commonsensical one.

More specifically devoted to games is J. B. Pick's **"Dictionary of Games"** (Philosophical Library, $4.75), neatly explaining how to play 458 indoor and outdoor games. Bicycle polo or leapfrog relay, badminton or skittles, craps or bézique, spinning the platter or charades—there are games here to engage every form of competition in muscle or brain, and often in both. One warning for the American reader: the book's origin in England requires occasional translation; the most obvious is that their football is our soccer.

Where the game dictionary uses five pages for chess, Reuben Fine uses a fat volume for only **"The Middle Game in Chess"** (McKay, $7.50). Intended for the experienced player, his book is only a sequel to his "Modern Chess Openings." At this level chess is not a game but an intellectual discipline.

Another invitation to a brainy game is Jerome S. Meyer's **"Fun with Mathematics"** (World, $2.75). Although dedicated to young people who love mathematics, it is aimed at people of all ages who remember more of Euclid and logarithms than merely the pain. Along with traditional material on mathematics there are curious lore, games, puzzles, and a set of problems and answers. In text, illustration, and format an exceptionally clear book, and challenging fun for anybody who meets it.

Sports & Outdoors

A very alluring little book of the outdoors has been edited by William D. Kennedy as the **"Ford Treasury of the Outdoors"** (Simon and Schuster, $2). Its sixty-four articles cover various kinds of outdoor recreation, including hunting, fishing, and camping. The colored photographs and illustrations are especially attractive, and along with the genial articles easily persuade one out to the open road—which (it may be added) is open to any brand of car besides the one which sponsored the book.

Among serious sportsmen, the big-game hunter is an increasing breed—as can be judged by the number of dead bucks one sees lashed to cars headed back to the city on autumn Sundays. Jack O'Connor, who is a good marksman on the typewriter as well, has written **"The Big-Game Rifle"** (Knopf, $7.50). Although his main interest is the hunter's shooting equipment (and its use and care), his chapters on varieties of big game and

(*Continued on page 38*)

Holiday Gift-List

WITH Christmas so close, it would be downright cruel to bring up the matter of shopping unless we had some suggestions to lighten your chore. We have. During the past twelve months approximately 10,000 new books have been issued by American publishers. Nearly ten times that many titles, published in previous years and still in print, are available from their publishers or on order from your bookstore. Every one of them, no matter how technical or specialized, would make a welcome Christmas gift for someone.

Space limitations being what they are, we can't help much in the matter of esoteric tastes, but for the ordinary run of mortals we have approximately 200 suggestions, appended below. In no sense is this a list of "best books" or "significant books," but merely a selection of those published during 1952 that seem especially well-suited for gift purposes. To increase the chances that your recipient has not already read the book, we have given preference to titles published during the past few months. Lists of books for children are published elsewhere in this issue and in our Nov. 15 issue.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1952. Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.
Continuing the O'Brien-Foley series of annual collections of notable magazine stories.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS. By Alba de Cespedes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.95.
A woman who murdered her "perfect husband" psychologically explored. From the Italian.

BLOOD ROYAL. By Robert Payne. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.50.
The rivalry of two sons of the Emperor of India enacted against a background of desert battles and court life of the sixteenth century.

THE BOUNTY LANDS. By William Donahue Ellis. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.95.
Portrait of a rugged individualist on the Ohio frontier in the post-Revolutionary period.

THE BUILD-UP. By William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House. $3.50.
A family novel with a New Jersey setting, by the distinguished poet and short-story writer.

CATHERINE CARTER. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.
A romantic novel suggested by the career of Sir Henry Irving.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB. By E. B. White. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.
The story of a little girl named Fern, who loved a pig named Wilbur, who lived in the same barn as A. Cavatica, a spider. Written in the same amusing, witty spirit as Mr. White's "Stuart Little." Pictures by Garth Williams.

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, New York: Doubleday & Co. $10.
Ninety-one short stories in two volumes. The first volume has been available for some time under the title "East and West." The second, containing material never before available under one cover, may be purchased separately for $5.95.

CONFESSORS OF THE NAME. By Gladys Schmitt. New York: Dial Press. $3.95.
A picture of Rome in the year 250 A.D., "a time of troubles" likened by the historian Toynbee to our own.

THE CURVE AND THE TUSK. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
Life among the hunters, natives, and elephants of the African jungles.

DEMOCRACY. By Henry Adams. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50.
A new edition of Henry Adam's satirical novel of post-Civil War Washington.

THE DEVIL RIDES OUTSIDE. By John H. Griffin. Fort Worth, Texas: Smith's. $4.
A young musicologist settles in a French monastery, but finds peace of soul there only after vividly described temptations of the flesh.

THE DEVIL THAT FAILED. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
A modern parable in the "Gulliver's Travels" tradition: a professor awakens to find that he has become a giant.

THE DISGUISES OF LOVE. By Robie Macauley. New York: Random House. $3.
A first novel about a married professor at a Midwestern college who falls in love with one of his students.

THE DISTANT SHORE. By Jan de Hartog. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
The adventures and loves of a Dutch tugboat captain during World War II and after.

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK. By Giovanni Guareschi. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.
Continuing the amusing encounters between Don Camillo, a Roman Catholic priest, and Peppone, the Communist mayor of a small Italian town, begun in "The Little World of Don Camillo."

EAST OF EDEN. By John Steinback. New York: Viking Press. $4.50.
The conflict of good and evil as seen in one family, stretching in time from the Civil War to World War I and geographically from Connecticut to Salinas Valley, Calif.

EXECUTIVE SUITE. By Cameron Hawley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Cloth, $3. *New York: Ballantine Books. Paper,* 35¢.
Rivalries between the aspirants for the presidency of a large corporation when the office unexpectedly becomes vacant.

THE FAR COUNTRY. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50.
English-born Jenney Morton finds a husband and a happy life in uncrowded, "unregulated" Australia.

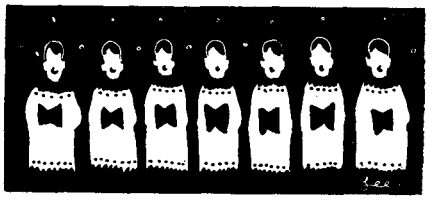
GIANT. By Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95.
Life among the fabulously rich in Texas.

THE GOLDEN SPIKE. By Hall Ellson. New York: Ballantine Books. Cloth, $1.50. *Paper,* 35¢.
A picture of narcotic addiction among Puerto Rican youths in a large American city.

HAPPY RETURN. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
Miss Thirkell's twenty-third chronicle of life in her legendary Barsetshire.

HEMLOCK AND AFTER. By Angus Wilson. New York: Viking Press. $3.
The lives and defeats of Bernard Sands, successful and respected novelist, humanist, and homosexual. The first novel of a highly regarded short-story writer.

HOME IS UPRIVER. By Brian Harwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.
An orphan boy comes of age doing odd jobs along the Mississippi.



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THE HUNTSMAN AT THE GATE. By Almet Jenks. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.
A morality tale about huntsmen and foxes.

ISLAND PRIEST. By Henri Queffelec. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
An ordinary fisherman on a remote island without a priest undertakes to perform the duties of a cleric with complicated consequences for himself, his neighbors, and the Church authorities.

THE LAST SEPTEMBER. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
Life among the Anglo-Irish aristocrats during the "troubled times" of the Twenties. A reissue of Miss Bowen's second novel (1929), little known in the U.S.

LIMBO. By Bernard Wolfe. New York: Random House. $3.50.
The world of 1990, after the end of World War III. Somewhat comparable in spirit to Orwell's "1984" and Huxley's "Brave New World."

THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. By François Mauriac. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.
Two love affairs, one pure, one twisted. In a postscript the author defines the function of the novelist.

THE MAGIC LANTERN. By Robert Carson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.95.
A chronicle of the early moving-picture industry, fairly faithful to the facts.

THE MAN ON THE DONKEY. By H. F. M. Prescott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
A long chronicle novel of the conflict of church and state during the reign of Henry VIII.

MARCH OF THE HERO. By Richard Lee Marks. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.
Realistic tale of the overthrow of a dictatorship in Latin America.

THE MASK OF A LION. By A. T. W. Simeons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
A love story played against the background of a leprosarium in modern India.

MATADOR. By Barnaby Conrad. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75.
The last, fateful bullfight of a famous Spanish matador who realizes only too well that he should have retired.

MEN AT ARMS. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
The experiences of Guy Crouchback, still adolescent at the age of thirty-six, when he joins the British Army in World War II.

THE NAKED STREETS. By Vasco Pratolini. New York: A. A. Wyn. $3.
Poverty and its effect on adolescents in present-day Florence pictured by the author of "A Tale of Poor Lovers."

OCTOBER ISLAND. By William March. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Semi-satirical tale of a nineteenth-century missionary couple at work on an imaginary South Seas island.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
A short novel about an old fisherman, a boy, and a great fish.

THE PARADISE BELOW THE STAIRS. By André Brincourt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.
Life as seen by a thirteen-year-old French schoolboy and his classmates. Winner of the Grand Prix de Jeune Roman in France.

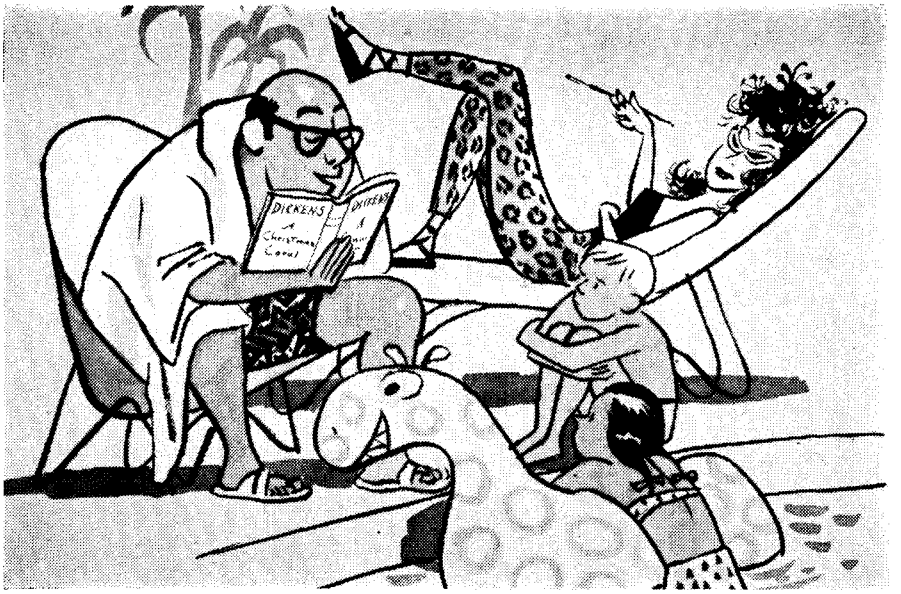
PRISONER OF GRACE. By Joyce Cary. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
The life of a great man as seen by "the little woman."

QUEEN'S GIFT. By Inglis Fletcher. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75.
Continuing Miss Fletcher's popular series of romances about Carolina, begun with "Roanoke Hundred." This one comes up to the time of the ratification of the Constitution.

RAMPOLE PLACE. By Isabella Holt. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.
Life in the family of a Senator from the Middle West between 1906 and 1912.

RETURN TO ITHACA. By Eyvind Johnson. New York: Thames & Hudson. $4.
The Odyssey retold in modern terms by a Swedish novelist.

THE RISING. By H. R. Lenormand. New York: Thames & Hudson. $3.
Romance and conflict between a French colonial administrator and a beautiful, trouble-making Russian Communist.



—*By Marc Simont for "Christmas Eve."*

A typical Southern California family reading "A Christmas Carol" on Christmas Eve.

THE SILVER CHALICE. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.85.
The story of the maker of the Holy Grail.

THE SINNER OF SAINT AMBROSE. By Robert Raynolds. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75.
A picture of Rome during its years of decay.

SIRONIA, TEXAS. By Madison Cooper, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $10.
Life in a Texas city during the present century. Probably the longest novel ever to be published in this country.

THE SMALL MIRACLE. By Paul Gallico. New York: Doubleday & Co. $1.50.
Charming, sentimental tale about a small Italian boy intent upon taking his ailing donkey to the Basilica of St. Francis in the hope that St. Francis can effect a cure.

THE SPIRE. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50.
Faculty life and strife at a small New England college.

STEAMBOAT GOTHIC. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner. $3.75.
The chronicle of a fiery Louisiana plantation family.

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
A collection of the work of one of the most gifted Irish writers alive today.

STORY NO. 2. Edited by Whit and Hallie Burnett. New York: A. A. Wyn. $3.
New short stories by new and established writers in the latest issue of this book-bound periodical.

THE TENDER AGE. By Russell Thacher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
A seventeen-year-old boy comes of age in the course of a crucial weekend.

TESTIMONIES. By Patrick O'Brian. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.
The love story of Bronwen Vaughan, who lives on a sheep farm in the Welsh Valley.

THUDBURY. By Clyde Brion Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75.
The portrait of a highly successful upstate New York businessman done in a slightly satirical vein.

A TIME OUTWORN. By Val Mulkerns. New York: Devin-Adair Co. $3.
Lives of young students in present-day Dublin.

TIME'S CORNER. By Nancy Wilson Ross. New York: Random House. $3.50.
Louisa Frazier, seeking escape from an unhappy love affair in a religious retreat, actually finds it in an association with a drug addict.

TROY CHIMNEYS. By Margaret Kennedy. New York: Rinehart & Co. $2.75.
A highly mannered story of country life in England during the first two decades of the nineteenth century.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY. By Tom Lea. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75.
A story of the Texas-Mexican border approximately half a century ago.

THE YEARS ARE EVEN. By Hobert D. Skidmore. New York: Random House. $3.50.
One of a pair of identical twins seeks to find his own identity in the confusions of the post-war world.

YET OTHER WATERS. By James Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. $3.75.
A young writer becomes involved in the Communist movement during the Thirties.

YOU, THE JURY. By Mary Borden. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.
What happens when a man attempts to live the teachings of Christ in modern England.

Americana

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Benjamin P. Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.75.
The first one-volume biography of the Civil War President in thirty-five years. Incorporates all the latest scholarship, including that in the recently opened Library of Congress collection.

AMERICA IN CRISIS. Edited by Daniel Aaron. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
Fourteen crucial episodes in American history recounted by famous historians.

THE AMERICAN TWENTIES. Edited by John K. Hutchens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.
An anthology of short stories, verse, drama, and essays from the period, together with a perceptive introduction.

THE BIG CHANGE. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
A study of the social and economic changes that have occurred in the United States during the past half century.

BLOODY WILLIAMSON. By Paul M. Angle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
The feuds, race killings, and labor riots that have given Williamson County, Ill., national notoriety over the past eighty years.

CHICAGO MEDIUM RARE. By Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.
The well-known raconteur reminisces on the Chicago of 1890 to 1910.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.
The exploration of the American West from the Spaniards to Lewis and Clark.

CURRIER AND IVES' AMERICA. Edited by Colin Simkin. New York: Crown Publishers. $10.
An album of the famous prints of American nineteenth-century life.

THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG. Edited by Allan Nevins and Mil-
(Continued on page 39)

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The Saturday Review

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Worse Than the H-Bomb

THERE is something far more terrifying about the hydrogen bomb than the fact that it has reduced the atomic bomb to a .22-calibre rifle alongside a large cannon. What is most terrifying about the hydrogen bomb is its grotesque lack of impact upon the public mind. It can rock the earth but it has yet to make a dent in our thinking. The news of the explosion was a one-day story, like a bank robbery or a love triangle or a veto at the U. N. It had its brief moment of power and glory and horror and then gave way to a crime investigation.

Is there anything more appalling than the fact that the most significant event in human history should fail to ignite human thought? Man goes into his laboratory and comes out with a device that has stamped upon it a death warrant for at least a billion persons. The device makes it possible to expunge in a fraction of a second what it has taken two thousand years to put together piece by piece. The device is not created and produced on an empty and tranquil stage. It is presented against a background of lit fuses and supercharged tensions. Yet nothing explodes in our minds. Nothing happens. It is a new bomb but it is the same world. The bomb is merely another lump in a continuing crisis; we swallow hard and go on.

Seven years ago, when the atomic bomb became a reality, there was a brief flurry of sanity. Men began to think. Something new and important was in the air. Facts were put together. Ministers, philosophers, writers, educators, scientists, and soldiers looked at the facts and struggled to make them clear to others. It seemed for a time that man's horizons were stretching. There was the inspiring possibility that people might transcend the old and puny ideas on what was required to safeguard human existence on this planet. Striking and stirring things were said about the need to liberate the world's people from the jungle of their fears. The time had come to destroy anarchy on the world level; this anarchy was far more dangerous to human peace and freedom than any amount of lawlessness within any nation.

This would mean, without question, a government of the whole. None of the objections about difficulties or differences had any validity alongside the cool fact that an ultimate challenge had abruptly crystallized. This challenge was far greater than anything that existed on a nation vs. nation basis. It was directed at and to man. It would not grow smaller by staring at it or looking past it. It fed on blindness and it got fat on delay. And it seemed to many men during that short and wonderful period of insight that the United States had the principal responsibility for leadership in moving towards such a positive goal. It was felt that no opposing nation could stop the forward thrust of the world's peoples. No force could be great enough to block a movement based on the fundamental and universal wants and hopes of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples. Indeed, the only effective way of dealing with an aggressive totalitarianism would be through just such a massive and persistent leadership working for world peace and justice.

ALL this was tall sense but it didn't last very long or get very far. We had reckoned without our pygmies. They cut the big ideas down to size. They were able to do this because everyone seemed to be waiting for someone else to do something. The people were waiting for the leaders and the leaders were waiting for the people. And in this vacuum of indecision an important and dangerous thing happened. The world began to slip away from us. Our emphasis had been on things rather than ideas. We took a narrow view of power, regarding it largely in terms of destructive potential, and not quite recognizing that this particular crisis called equally for things of the spirit, for ideas with spaciousness and moral grandeur that could win the fight on the first front—the human responses of people.

We became afflicted with day-to-dayitis. What might happen next year or next month or even next week would have to take care of itself. The panorama of history behind us, offering valuable guidance, was regarded as feeble stuff and a bore. The only thing that counted was the twenty-four-hour period that comprised the now.

The first big jolt came only five years after the beginning of the Atomic Age and it happened not far from where the war ended. Korea interrupted the daily routine, and we doubled and redoubled our *physical*

Yet the Lean Heart Plays

By Elizabeth Coatsworth Beston

MAN lives by his sweat, but the bird works harder
for his food is locked in a difficult larder,
and the rabbit lives at the skirts of death,
and the fox draws many a starving breath,
and the great hawk coasting the cloudy sky
stares down from a proud but ravenous eye.
The tight belt of hunger, the necklace of fear,
alas! one beholds them everywhere.
Yet the lean beast plays, and the song goes up,
and honey is sweet in the bitter cup,
and love makes a music always its own
though the lyre be strung on a hollow bone.

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efforts, apparently not stopping to ask how and why Korea started and what would be required to end it. Few apparently remembered the warnings of 1945 that the trouble with a weak world organization was not only that it could not cope decisively with crisis but that this very weakness tended to invite crisis. Back in 1945, America had been urged to lead the way in the creation of an adequate United Nations force, to be recruited not on the basis of voluntary offerings but on the basis of fixed commitments. But we shuddered at the thought, for that meant a sacrifice of sovereignty. Five years later we were to lose our sovereignty and our men, too. Because we didn't quite understand in 1945 that the foundations of sovereignty in the modern world had been shattered, we were to pay the price in blood. And the lesson hasn't been learned yet.

AFTER two years of struggle and stalemate in Korea, we still haven't come before the United Nations with the only proposal that could make sense in Korea—or anywhere else. We still haven't insisted that the nations stop their diddling on the issue of world law and that they create a common government with adequate and even overwhelming force, based on fixed and fair obligations, and built upon the principles of justice that would command the allegiance and hopes of the world's peoples. As for the plodding question, "What will the Russians do?" the only answer is that if we continue on our present course, the Russians will continue to whittle away large areas of the world and continue to keep us on the defensive. And they will continue to do this until we discover we can't win a big fight unless we have a big idea.

There is a far more vital question about Korea than the one about the Russians. It is, simply: What have we learned from Korea? The aggression in Korea would never have occurred if the United Nations before June 1950 had had at least as many men under arms as it put into the field once the aggression took place. But what about a larger crisis just ahead? Is the U. N. ready for that? Are we willing to support the components of that readiness, or are we going to intimidate ourselves again with the myth of sovereignty—only to lose more sovereignty and more lives?

If we are really serious about meeting the Russian threat, let us stop playing into Russia's hands. Russia wants a weak U. N. Are we willing to commit ourselves to a strong one? Russia wants to retain the veto. Are we willing to abolish it? (We proposed it at San Francisco.) Russia would like to keep the U. N. going on a bare subsistence level because she doesn't want the responsibility for killing it. Are we willing to help put it on a higher level? And let us not use the specious argument that we are afraid that Russia would not go along with a U.N. having adequate powers. If Russia will go along only with a policy leading to U. N. impotence, we don't retard that policy by imitating it. Indeed, it is likely that Russia will give up her intransigence only if she is convinced that the rest of the world is determined to equip the United Nations with the powers of government. Russia has little to fear from an unorganized world, however large the stockpile of hydrogen bombs which presumably she has as well. She does, however, have a great deal to fear from pressure inside her own country once a bona fide offer is made to her to become part of a workable world society based on justice and enforceable law.

The advent of the hydrogen age leaves as little margin for routine thinking as it does for error. With the atomic bomb we were able to put a pretty face on the matter and talk about all the wonderful things that atomic energy could do in making a better world. But the hydrogen bomb knows no such happy equivalent. It is a tightly packaged instrument for mass human slaughter; that and nothing more. The only way we can live with it is to control it. The problem is still the elimination of war itself—not on the basis of knuckling under but on the basis of organized law for the world community.

Seven years ago, when world law was mentioned, people said it was too soon. Now, when it is mentioned, they say it is too late. It is neither too soon nor too late. If we have a voice and an idea behind it, and if what we say makes sense, the time is just right.

—N. C.

—Justus in *The Minneapolis Star.*

"'The shock was terrifying . . .'"

Bookmarks

WORDS we could get along without for two or three years: *oversimplification, understatement, ambivalence.*

* * *

It is news, these days, when a bookseller turns publisher, though it shouldn't be, since that was the way publishing started. It is even newsier when a bookseller who turns publisher also turns author (which is putting things a little hindside too). The example we have in mind at the moment is "Quabbin: The Lost Valley," recently issued by Donald M. Howe at his Quabbin Book House in Ware, Mass. The title-page calls Mr. Howe "compiler" and credits the editing to Roger Nye Lincoln (since there are also sketches by Elizabeth Howe Lincoln, this is obviously a family affair), but Mr. Howe is certainly the author in the basic sense of the word—that is, he started the thing. Look on your road map of Massachusetts and you will find a great blue blob in the center of the state that wasn't there when you were a girl, or boy. That blob is Quabbin Reservoir, and it is far and away the largest body of fresh water in Southern New England. It supplies the Boston area with water, but to achieve this commendable end a whole cluster of towns had to be wiped, quite literally, off the map. Enfield, Smith's Village, Greenwich, Greenwich Village, Prescott, Dana, and Millington are now no more, and New Salem and Pelham are partly no more. Mr. Howe has put together the life story of these lost villages in 600-odd pages of text and nearly 300 pictures (including one of the notice on the W. H. Walker property in Greenwich: "WELCOME. All persons are welcome to Hunt, Fish, Pick Ferns and Evergreens on these grounds if they will be careful and not set any FIRES"). It is a pathetic and at the same time a heartwarming story and as authentic a piece of completed Americana as a body could ask. We got off the old Athol Branch train of the Boston & Albany Railroad at Greenwich Village a few years ago (wonder who got the station sign?) and strolled along dusty roads that are dusty no longer. Most of the inhabitants had already moved out, but a few were still hanging on. Well, they're gone now, the dead along with the living. And Mr. Howe had set down, memorably, their "Last Days of Pompeii." Only there was a lot more sin in Pompeii.

* * *

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun sees no new cook-book on the presses run. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Censorship Opposed

▶ It is obvious from Hollis Alpert's "Talk with a Movie Censor" [*SR* Nov. 22] that Dr. Hugh M. Flick, the chief New York censor, is among the more enlightened and understanding of the breed.

But Dr. Flick, it is also obvious, takes refuge behind the tragic and undemocratic excuse parroted by all censors, enlightened and unenlightened. It is the excuse that the public must be protected. But protected against what? Apparently it's always the movies.

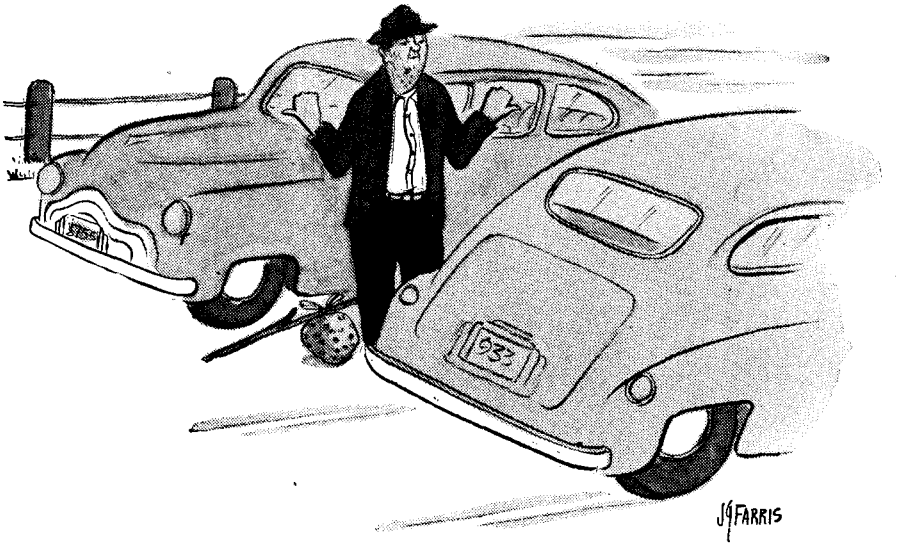
Why not the press, the magazines, books, radio, or TV? I'm not saying that these media should be censored. Of course they shouldn't be. But isn't it just as logical, just as fair, to censor newspapers and magazines and books in advance as it is to censor motion pictures? Yet, are the censors screaming to wield their blue pencils and their shears on the sister media of the films? Why should a censor be permitted to look over the shoulder of a film producer?

Those of us who oppose censorship disagree with the censors in this fundamental respect: we trust the people. If the people can, and should be, trusted in buying books and magazines and newspapers, surely they can, and should be, trusted in selecting the movies they desire to see.

What greater protection is required in a democracy than the people themselves?

Kenneth Clark.

Alexandria, Va.



Christianity's Appeal

▶ I would like to take exception to one statement of Paul Arthur Schilpp, wherein he suggests to us that ". . . if we do not learn more of the tenderness of Jesus, there will be continued 'wailing and gnashing of teeth'." [Letters, *SR* Nov. 8]

It seems a pity that Dr. Schilpp and others of similar thought cannot understand that it is precisely this quality of tenderness which the heterogeneous masses of society utterly despise, the undersigned included. I feel that because Jesus exhibited such a compassionate and tender love toward mankind, regarding its members as "lambs" and "sheep" (even though speaking figuratively), Christianity was bound to fail from the very beginning. In its true form, Christianity could appeal only to the unusually tenderhearted and extremely sentimental.

This does not mean, however, that religion has no place in our modern, practical world. Church leaders today must realize the importance of more dynamic preaching on such virtues as honesty, sincerity without sentimentalism, fear of the Supreme Being or Greater Intelligence, and charity. Less emphasis should be placed on the so-called "virtues" of humility, meekness, and tenderness for they serve no useful purpose in today's society. If this transition of emphasis were made, it would be interesting to note man's increased interest in religion which is bound to follow.

Kevin O'Malley.

Washington, D.C.

Santa Claus on TV

▶ Goodman Ace's "Forum for the Loser" [*SR* Nov. 22] is admirable; some private television sponsor should now step forth to provide TV time for Adlai Stevenson. Let's sincerely hope Santa Claus will appear this year. But I doubt that he will.

If he doesn't, there's another possibility. The public service aspect of radio and TV should be extended to the main opposition party, whether it be Republican or Democrat. When the President is given time to address the nation in public speech or fireside chat, equal time should be allotted the opposition party for reinforcement or rebuttal of the issues. What could fire our knowledge and public interest more vividly than the opportunity to hear from both parties on future issues? Far better than one fireside—Eisenhower's—for the next four years would be two firesides, with Stevenson also tending the flames. Here's a chance for the communications networks to stop talking big about themselves; they can now really play Santa Claus to the American people.

George Steinbrecher, Jr.

Chicago, Ill.

Millay's Ecstasy

▶ In her unique letter-review of "The Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay" Babette Deutsch addressing the dead poet asks, "But how, then, when you wrote propagandist verse could you fail to realize that what you properly called 'acres of bad verse' was dope of another sort?" [*SR* Nov. 15].

It seems to me this remark misses insight into Millay's character. There was a part of her that was immature. She was essentially a girl-poet. The poems by which she is best known and will longest be remembered are all girlish poems. They have an ecstasy, sometimes an effrontery, known only to the young. Her letters show the persistence of this immaturity. But there was another part of her that did mature. It expressed itself in her sense of social inequality and injustice, in her realization of the stupidity, as well as the cruelty, of war. Into such things she looked with wise eyes and ripened understanding. Her difficulty was that her art, belonging to the girlish side of her nature, was never an adequate vehicle to carry her mature convictions and the passions they evoked. When she attempted to make poems of them she lost her lyric voice; too often her revolt became a mere lament unrelated to the ecstasy of her most loved period.

Sara Band Wild.

Los Gatos, Calif.

"Strong Don't Cry"

▶ Ed Parone's recent review of my first novel, "The Strong Don't Cry" [*SR* Nov. 1], was entertaining and extraordinary in its viewpoint. While evidently a sincere attempt was made to evaluate the book, he has missed the salient objects and techniques of this work. If these were devious or hard to discover, there might be basis for controversy, but the massed evidence of other reviews, editorial comment, and public acceptance show that this is not the case.

Can it be that Mr. Parone was not too thorough in his reading of my novel? Violence, graft, extramarital relations, and other rude manifestations of modern

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life are unfortunate, but hardly to be dismissed. Any newspaper any day in the week gives ample evidence of this. It is not honest literature to ignore these things, and censoring their appearance in print hardly seems to be fair criticism. It is rather a splendid thing when a human being can shake off these environmental influences, and release the musical genius within himself. I am sincerely sorry that Mr. Parone did not discover this theme within my novel.

ESTELLE SLATER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Reviewer Replies

▶ HAVING ALLIED MYSELF with only the very best literary causes of Western Culture—all out for Molly Bloom, "Memoirs of Hecate County," "Strange Fruit," Jim Jones, and Maude Hutchins, I am nearly unmanned by Miss Slater's letter. For in re-reading my review I fail to find even a hint of moral judgment. The review had, for reasons of space, to deal chiefly with artistic technique and talent, and not sociology. Every schoolboy and girl surely must agree by now that Milton might have written his great poem on the subject of pinheads, and both authors and writers before and since have done just that. And I should like to make this critical *raison d'être* for myself, for all time: I like the poetry of "Othello"; I am in favor of releasing musical genius whenever the question comes up; I shall be the last to object to an author's defense of his authority; and the last to become the victim of authoritarian sentimentality.

EDWARD PARONE.

New York, N. Y.

Ignorance and Malice

▶ I WAS INTERESTED to read Mr. Burman's article "The Cult of Unintelligibility" [*SR* Nov. 1], although I disagree with his conclusions. I was shocked, however, to see you print a letter by one Lawrence Edwards of Knoxville, Tennessee, in which the writer says, "I hope that fifty years from now nobody will remember that Joyce or Stein or James or Proust or Mann ever lived" [*SR* Nov. 22].

Ignorance in itself is not offensive to me, since my profession is teaching. Ignorance mixed with malice, however, disturbs me, for being exposed to it the teacher is often powerless.

GEORGE E. HATVARY.

New York, N. Y.

Far-Off Place

▶ I READ WITH considerable amazement Ben Lucien Burman's statement that "by contrast, in our politics we say exactly what we mean and take our opinions from no man." I wonder in what far-off place Mr. Burman has been spending the last four or five years to make a statement so contrary to a number of the *SR*'s editorials on the narrowing limits of intellectual and political liberty in contemporary America.

DAVID MCLEAN.

Paris, France.

NEW EDITIONS

THE Grabhorn Press of San Francisco stands high among American makers of fine books, and its finest volumes can mingle on even terms with the best productions of the best European printers. Of such high quality is the recently issued Grabhorn "Tragedie of Macbeth," limited to 180 copies priced at $30 each. This is a tall, beautifully proportioned volume, fourteen inches by ten, printed on a rich hand-made paper from the Tuckenhay Mills of Arthur Millbourn, England. The First Folio text, perfectly disposed upon the page, is printed in Bibel Gotisch, designed by Rudolf Koch, a type that is dark enough to match the blackness of the tragedy that it reproduces, and antique enough in appearance to suggest the age in which Macbeth rose and perished.

But more remarkable than any other features of the book are the full-page "portraits of the players" that have been done in color by Mary Grabhorn. These powerfully conceived, boldly executed portraits are arresting at first sight, and worthy of prolonged study. In them symbolism and representation are combined with unusual success; the mysterious power of colors as emotional stimuli has been skilfully exploited; and the illustrations all cooperate to confirm the truth, so eloquently stated by Lily B. Campbell, that "Macbeth" is "a study in fear." Miss Grabhorn has also furnished the binding boards with a design that is deceptively simple; for it is really a lattice through which we get a warning glimpse into the sinister world we are about to enter.

Recently published books in which the religious spirit of man finds widely diverse expressions are "The Spirit of St. François de Sales," by Jean-Pierre Camus, edited and translated by C. F. Kelley (Harper, $3.50); "The Journal of George Fox," edited by John Nickalls (Cambridge, $4.50); "The Imitation of Christ," newly translated by Leo Sherley-Price (Penguin, 65¢); "The Upanishads," volume two, a new translation by Swami Nikhilananda (Harper, $4.50); and "The Living Thoughts of Kierkegaard," presented by W. H. Auden (McKay, $2.50). Mr. Kelley has reduced the Bishop of Belley's formidably voluminous transcript of St. François's thought to a compass that should encourage many new readers to acquaint themselves with the teachings of an eloquent preacher, the core of whose faith was love, and who believed in the compatibility of the life of the spirit and an active life in this world. Mr. Kelley has also written a useful introduction. Mr. Nickalls gives us a full text—perhaps too full for most readers: it runs to 760 pages—of the dictated "journal" in which the heroic founder of the Society of Friends recorded his spiritual experiences and his physical sufferings, with continual insistence upon the central importance of the Light Within, and upon the duty of saving misguided souls from the seductions of the "steeple-houses." This edition of the "Journal" is introduced by Dr. Geoffrey F. Nuttall, and includes an epilogue by Dr. Henry J. Cadbury and the epilogue written by Thomas Ellwood for the first edition. Translations of the "Imitation" abound, but Mr. Sherley-Price's version should be welcomed widely, both for its pleasing readability and low cost; it is an ideal pocket book. With the second volume of a work that will be completed in four, Swami Nikhilananda's translations, introductions, and explanations continue to give readers of English the fullest, surest assistance they have ever had towards an understanding of the Upanishads. Mr. Auden's small volume of selections, lucidly introduced, provides what is probably as simple an introduction as possible to Kierkegaard's not entirely simple body of ideas.

Dover is making the successful experiment of publishing for students a long line of important scientific texts in paper bindings, at reasonable prices. The titles I have seen have a wider appeal than many in the series. They are Galileo's "Two New Sciences" ($1.50), and two volumes by Henri Poincaré: "Science and Method" and "Science and Hypothesis" ($1.25 each). The first holds much of the bedrock of modern physics, and, in its classic dialogue form, makes fascinating reading. As for Poincaré, one need not be a mathematician to appreciate the quality of his thought and be stimulated by it.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Broadway Postscript

A PRACTICAL DREAM FOR BROADWAY

OUR THEATRE is cursed with dreamers who are not practical men and practical men who are not dreamers. The dreamers have erred by initiating worthy projects which in practice fall far short of their objectives, and the practical men have perpetuated only that kind of theatre that their limited vision can encompass. Two people who seem to be steering between this Scylla and Charybdis are impresario Sol Hurok, a practical man with a touch of vision, and designer Jo Mielziner, a dreamer with a considerable dab of practicality. Although they have not discussed the matter, both these men have within the past month proposed similar schemes for doing something about our dwindling theatre.

At a luncheon of the Drama Desk honoring Jean-Louis Barrault, whom Mr. Hurok was kind enough to bring to Broadway, the sixty-four-year-old entrepreneur announced that within a few months he would launch a drive for a permanent repertory theatre in New York. On further questioning from that organization's alert membership, he revealed that he thought about five million dollars would be a feasible amount to raise for the project; that the first need of such a repertory setup would be the building of a new 2,200 seat theatre, and that experience had taught him that such a theatre could be located anywhere in Manhattan, not just in the expensive Broadway section.

The idea of a permanent repertory company is not new, and *SR* readers may remember the frustration of Robert Whitehead, who attempted to persuade ANTA to pyramid last season's successful play series into just such a solid institution (*SR* Apr. 26). Not new either is the idea of a new theatre. Jo Mielziner has been suggesting a mild revolution in our thinking about theatre building since the late Thirties and, even before Mr. Hurok's proposal, had talked to me about the kind of theatre that might be possible if the building code were changed to permit the incorporation of a theatre into a new office building.

Mr. Mielziner makes it clear that he believes the finding of new plays and the regaining of audiences frozen out of the legitimate theatres by high prices probably come ahead of new playhouses in his list of what's to be done to improve the current situation, but he does point out that all these things are factors of each other and that an improvement such as the intelligently planned building of new theatres would make it easier to accomplish the first two objectives.

"You see, it was the original unintelligent use of space and money by nearsighted theatre real estate operators that is responsible for some of the trouble we're now in," suggests Mr. Mielziner. "Back in the meat-packing era [1911-1928], when all but four of the thirty still available theatres were built, these operators worked with one guiding principle—the greatest number of seats in the least amount of space. As a result we have: (1) auditoriums where the audience's high expenditure for uncomfortable seats can only be justified by presenting them with a smash hit; (2) inadequate space at either side of and behind the acting area, which cramps the style of actor, director, scene-designer, and playwright, and makes repertory impractical; and (3) a 'four-wall' rental basis which requires that each producer rent and transport in and out of the theatre all the materials of his production and which makes prohibitive the use of much recently devised technical equipment."

These handicaps, he indicated, have combined with the rising cost of production to curtail legitimate revenue from hits, and to keep many theatres dark because moderately good plays now run at a loss and have to be withdrawn.

"But if the bill now being presented to the city council makes it possible to construct a theatre as a comparatively small part of an office building or apartment-hotel," continued the fifty-one-year-old designer, "we can have a theatre that is both esthetically desirable and financially practical."

Here is the way that Mr. Mielziner's proposed theatre might work:

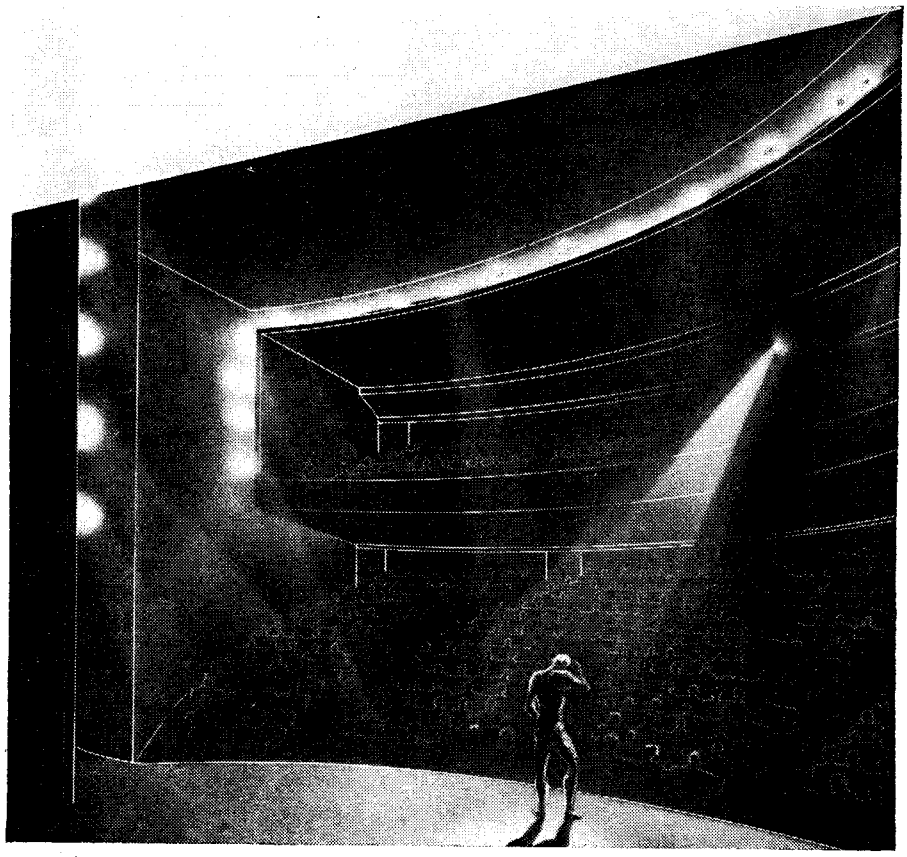
The theatregoer would buy a ticket divided into sections in the same manner as is our present railroad ticket form. It would provide for, if desired:

(1) A parking attendant to park and deliver one's car.

(2) A table d'hote dinner at a smart restaurant adjacent to the theatre.

(3) One hat-checking process for the entire evening in a decent-sized efficient checkroom.

(4) A comfortable seat with as much arm and leg room as is found in the newer motion picture houses. (In this respect, Mr. Mielziner supports Howard Cullman's suggestion that choice locations might be sold for a higher price, but that rear and side



Plan for a new theatre as visualized by Jo Mielziner.

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orchestra seats could be scaled proportionately lower.) "Incidentally," asks the astute designer, "do you know that the limit at which a spectator can visually enjoy a performance in the kind of theatre we now have on Broadway is about eighty feet from the stage? But with the better facilities of a new theatre that limit could be increased to over 100 feet. At least that's what the psychologists who experimented on the problem say."

(5) Patrons who wished to smoke could sit in a special smoking section where ducts, such as are now installed in deluxe cinema houses, would keep the smoke from becoming noticeable, let alone objectionable.

(6) A between-the-acts drink would be possible and convenient at the restaurant bar, which would be connected with the theatre by a large entranceway.

(7) After the play the restaurant would convert into a supper club with a floor show. This would also be directly and conveniently available to the playgoer and would eliminate the inconvenience of taxis, rechecking, etc.

Mr. Mielziner believes that not only will the extra space required pay for itself, but that additional revenue could be brought in by renting advertising display cases in a spacious and beautifully decorated lounge. He points out that one New York hotel rents a display case at the entrance of its supper club for $15,000 a year.

"If the extra space will more than pay for itself out front, think what it will do backstage," says the scenery-planner, who for years has been having nightmares about productions he has built not being able to fit in this or that particular theatre. "Ideally you should have six times the stage space that it takes to hold the ordinary box set. With a thirty-eight-foot opening that would mean a stage fifty feet by 114 feet. If you had that much space to hang and store scenery, you could keep two Broadway shows running, or do repertory and perform afternoon and evening seven days a week."

Mr. Mielziner would even have lectures, experimental plays to be given special morning performances at reduced prices, children's theatre, midnight shows, etc., all of which would more than double the revenue possible to the present theatre owner. This in turn would make feasible lower rentals to the producer.

Another advantage of the new theatre would be the permanent installation of such equipment as elevator and wagon stages, an electronic switchboard operated by a man who can see the stage as the audience does, remote control spotlights, and all sorts of stuff that has been developed by the lighting companies but which so far has been used only in certain college playhouses like Yale and Carnegie Tech and community theatres like the Pittsburgh Playhouse. Since the cost of this equipment could be amortized over a series of fifty productions, rather than over just one or two, the producer's original investment could be reduced by about $4,000 a show. Combined with other savings in rental, etc., this would be a factor in encouraging producers to do plays which had a chance of being only a moderate success. Also, since the play would be only one part of the total evening's experience, the audience would accept it much the way audiences have taken to "Wish You Were Here." Josh Logan and Leland Hayward have succeeded, through a good public relations tie-up with RCA, in tapping the main river of people coming into New York, and these people like it. Whatever you say of the musical, it is good entertainment, and it and other moderate successes of this kind must have runs if our theatre isn't going to dry up.

As for the encouraging of new playwrights to stay in the theatre, Jo Mielziner heartily indorses John Golden's program (*SR* Oct. 11), but would like to add one important point: "One of the reasons writing talent turns away from the stage to other mediums is that in books, TV, or in the movies, the writer can put the action where he visualizes it, rather than be forced to jam it into one or two sets. In both the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical and in Cole Porter's 'Can-Can,' the script calls for going from one full stage scene right into the next, and because of the inadequate stages we'll have it's going to call for all sorts of compromises and extra expense. If we had such a new theatre as I have described, this kind of thing would be easy and ultimately less expensive. And the task of playwriting would become so much more exciting."

Jo Mielziner leaned back in his chair with an expression of reflective sadness. Then, without losing the optimistic aggressiveness in his voice, he added, "And so would scene-designing."

* * *

"THE Seven Year Itch" is funny, somewhat erotic, and in English. The sum of these virtues seems to be a smash hit, and a safe play to recommend to almost anyone who is looking for a pleasant evening's entertainment. What George Axelrod's romantic comedy amounts to is a series of *New Yorker* jokes attached to what (I am told) is a very true and rather ordinary situation—namely the lighthearted adultery of a happily married man while his wife and child are out of town for the summer.

The thirty-eight-year-old husband,

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as played by Tom Ewell, is not as interesting a character as, say, the older man in "The Moon Is Blue." However, Mr. Ewell—in the capable hands of director John Gerstad and supervisor Elliott Nugent—does reasonably well with a role that includes such difficulties as frequent conversations with his conscience over the public-address system, imitations of Hollywood stereotypes, and criminal assault on a piano bench. Motion-picture actress Vanessa Brown surprises by being adequate if not ample as the twenty-two-year-old model who dallies her way into and out of his bedroom with as much compunction as a Peter Arno girl. The fat part in the play is that of the psychoanalyst-writer who referees the action, and it is nicely underplayed by Robert Emhardt.

The rest of the cast is attractive, and Frederick Fox's set is intelligently devised. The moral ending of the play nearly destroys it, and I would have preferred to have had it end at the point where Miss Brown is hammering the nails into the trapdoor which connects the two apartments. It would have been more in the spirit of a piece that at its best is pure fun.

"OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE" has the plot of a "Room Service," the daguerrotype quaintness of a 1910 family album, and the delightfully unembarrassed touch in the handling of racy details that we associate with the French.

The characters are each of them types: Amélie, the unconcerned cocotte, played with vulgar gusto by a skilled, aging Madeleine Renaud; Marcel, the playboy, who makes an arrangement with Amélie in order to fool a guardian only to have matters complicated when he wakes up to find her under the covers with him, played with appropriate exasperation by Jean Dessailly; Van Putzeboum, the guardian, who in his senile way likes Amélie himself, played good-naturedly by Charles Mahieu; the autocratic Russian prince who also wishes to occupy himself with Amélie, played with aloof ludicrosity by Jacques Dacqmine (his approach which consists of vigorously bouncing the young lady on one knee is the prize bit of business in the play); his absurdly dignified General (Jean Juillard), who directs the frilly details of the Prince's love affair as seriously as if he were planning the battle of St. Petersburg (the prince's remark, as the General takes care of a mission in the bathroom, "a General should be good for something," probably gets a bigger laugh here than it ever got in Paris); and above all, the aged marriage clerk, which Jean-Louis Barrault—with his expert body control and comic imagination—makes into a flawless bit of stylized theatre.

Jean-Pierre Granval, as the forlorn servant, and Beauchamp, as the bourgeois father, stand out among the rest of this company, whose uniform excellence continues to amaze.

JEAN ANOUILH's "La Répétition" is probably the most pervasive new play since "The Cocktail Party." In order to appreciate it, however, you will have to accept a great deal of high-level motivation for action, just as those who were taken with the Eliot play had to accept the crucifixion of Celia near an ant-hill as the best of all possible eventualities for her, even though it disagreed with their own experience. For Anouilh's pure-in-heart are those who deny the necessity of coming to terms with life. This does not mean that they do not face facts, for no playwright writing for the theatre today pursues the truth as thoroughly and as openly as does Anouilh. In "La Répétition" a count discovers in his middle age that there is something else in this world besides pleasure through falling in love with a young girl who is not of his superficial little universe. Their love is attacked by the rest to no avail. Finally a man who was in earlier years thwarted in a similar relationship by the count succeeds in destroying the simple purity of the affair. The two are left to reform their relationship on a less idyllic basis.

The Barrault-Renaud Company, who respect M. Anouilh more than do most Americans, has given the play a tender production. For the first and only time in the series of eight plays Jean-Louis Barrault demonstrates that when he wishes to play the lover he can be as moving as anyone in our contemporary theatre. Simon Valère also establishes herself as a supreme emotional actress in the role of Lucille, the pure young girl whose love makes the count beautiful again. Jacques Dacqmine, as the cynical and broken man who himself likes to smash things, has the best part in the play and does it powerfully, but none the less subtly. Madeleine Renaud, as the vicious countess, and Jean-François Calvé, as her perpetually indignant lover, add much humor and atmosphere to the play.

But "La Répétition" is fundamentally a play about the pure versus the adulterated, and its reception will depend on how much you believe the first three characters. Fortunately, they have played it beautifully, and anyone who still has an open heart will find it difficult not to fall in love with a work that is not real, but true, and not saccharine, but bittersweet.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

OFF-BEAT

—From "Two Cents' Worth of Hope."

Vincenso Musolino and Maria Fiore—"human qualities seen in universal terms."

DORE SCHARY recently paid Hollywood's respects to the Italian film industry at a lunch in New York, and also used the occasion to make clear that Hollywood, and not the Italians, was responsible for promoting "realism" in motion pictures. He had seen five or six postwar Italian movies, he said, and he thought they ought to go in for an occasional change of pace; they might, for instance, show us their best singers and dancers in a technicolor Italian musical. A good many of the operas already made by the Italians into movies have failed to turn out well, it might be mentioned, but more important is the fact that Mr. Schary's advice rather missed the point. The critical plaudits and the development of a selective audience for the better Italian movies have been gained not so much because of any inherent "realism" in them, but because films such as "Bicycle Thief," "Paisan," and "Miracle in Milan" have been infused with artistic honesty and principled intentions, as well as a thorough understanding of the motion-picture medium. The Italians, perhaps, have something to learn from Hollywood, but a movie I have seen this week, "Two Cents' Worth of Hope," has made me wonder if Hollywood hasn't more to learn from the Italians.

"Two Cents' Worth of Hope," directed by Renato Castellani (a man we might soon be ranking on a level with De Sica), exhibits very clearly the ability of the best Italian directors and writers to show real people in real situations, and to see them so tolerantly and understandingly as to give the effect not alone of "realism," but of human qualities and failings seen in universal terms. Mr. Castellani tells a simple and what might easily have been a trite story about two young people who find many obstacles in the way of marrying each other. This, it can be seen at once, is subject matter that Hollywood quite often uses to achieve either giddy slapstick or hollow pathos. At this point I will stop beating our own screen industry over the head and merely state that I found "Two Cents' Worth of Hope" both genuinely comic and genuinely touching.

Maria Fiore, as Carmela, a headstrong village girl who wants more than anything else in the world to marry Antonio, a young Army veteran, is an energetic and captivating new actress. She plays the role of an exasperating and lovable girl, filled with high jinks and driven to all sorts of wiles as she frets against the domination of her hidebound family and the poverty-ridden circumstances of her lover. The main weight of our sympathies, however, goes to Antonio

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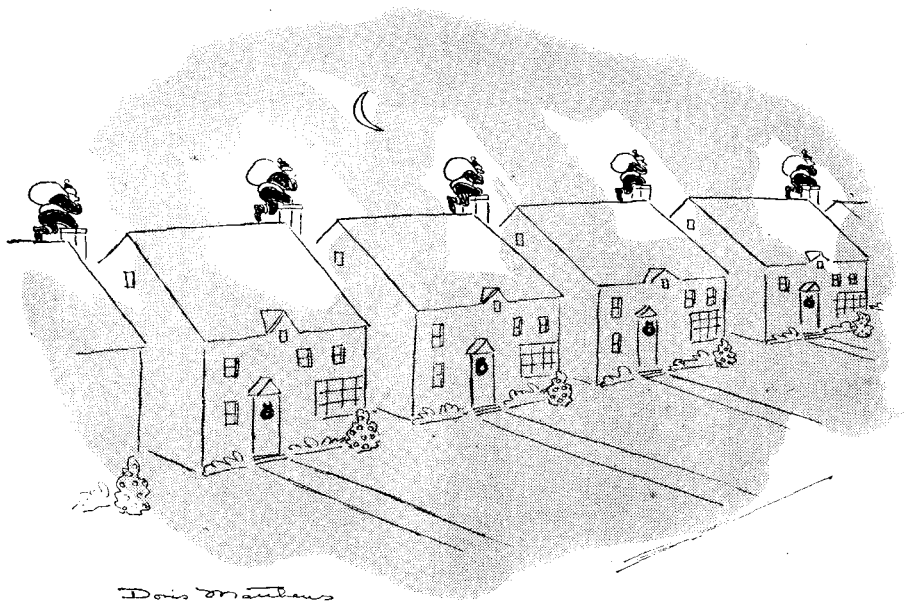
(Vincenso Musolino), who returns from his Army service and finds himself saddled with the support of his harridan of a mother and his sisters, one of whom has allowed herself to be seduced by an elderly peasant. He has to provide some groceries for the family immediately, as well as a dowry for the sister so that she may marry the father of her imminent child. Jobs are hard come by in postwar Italy, and Antonio takes what comes to hand or whatever his desperate mind can improvise. He sells cabbages in the marketplace, helps tired horses pull passengers from the train station up a long hill to the village, rings the heavy bells of the church, and tries a series of jobs in Naples, the nearest city. To gather the wherewithal to marry Carmela he works by day in the village and by night in the city. He intersperses his duties by pasting billboards calling for a general strike, serving as a movie projectionist, and giving pints of his blood for an ailing child.

Nothing really works, though; trouble continues piling up on the heads of Antonio and Carmela. Finally, outraged by the stubbornness of her family, he decides to trust to providence. To symbolize this decision he publicly strips Carmela's clothes off (leaving only enough for simple decency), hurls them at her stubborn father, and clothing her in his shirt marches her off to the church for a wedding ceremony. It's quite a scene. To make this movie further memorable, Castellani has provided some sturdy characterizations of the village people. Filomena Russo, as Antonio's mother, and Gina Mascetti, as the owner of a Naples movie house, emerge most strikingly. I haven't enjoyed an Italian movie as much since "Bicycle Thief."

* * *

Off and on I've been hearing about a film version of "Julius Caesar" made by David Bradley when he was a student at Northwestern. Using a cast made up of one professional actor hired at fifty dollars a week, a few aspirants, and a crew of students, Bradley spent six months getting the play on film. He presents his ninety-minute version in two acts, titled "The Death of Caesar" and "The Revenge of Caesar." The budget he worked with was so infinitesimal that it's hardly worth mentioning. For settings Bradley used some Chicago landmarks —the Rosenwald Museum for the Roman forum, Soldier's Field for the Colosseum—and he waged the Battle of Philippi on the sand dunes of Lake Michigan. Costumes and armor were home made. I mention all this because



the simple facts of production serve to highlight the virtues of the movie. If he had had more to work with, we could be stricter in our criticism.

As it is, we will have to make allowances for the poor technical quality of the photography and for the poor sound. I think even the voices of the actors have had to be dubbed in. Nevertheless, I very often found myself caught by the power of the play. The performance of Charlton Heston, as Marc Antony, stands out from the poor to middling acting of the other players, and he has since gone on to Hollywood. David Bradley himself acts Brutus with some sensitiveness. Many of the faces seem unnaturally young for Roman senators (to be expected, of course), but the earnestness and the dedication of the participants in this brave and unusual film venture come through noticeably.

It has already been claimed that this Shakespeare movie rivals the "Henry V" and "Hamlet" of Olivier. This is nonsense. At the same time, Mr. Bradley has shown resourcefulness and imagination in getting some sense of fluidity and movement; he uses images that are striking and others that are clichés. That he occasionally surmounts heavy handicaps is what is most noteworthy about his production. Bradley is now under contract to M-G-M, and he has intimated that he intends to sneak "art" into the pictures he makes. I hope he is dissuaded; it is when he sneaks "art" into "Julius Caesar" that he seems the amateur.

* * *

"Under the Red Sea" is a quasi-documentary that mingles some studies of undersea life with those of a girl dressed in the skimpiest of bathing suits. The girl is pretty enough—there are no complaints on that score—but I did find myself bothered by some too obvious fakery. Seemed to me the deep-sea diving crew set out more in search of a story than for scientific facts. The sharks, giant manta rays, and porpoises are, at least, more interesting seen in their natural habitats than in an aquarium—that is, as long as you can keep your eyes on them and not on the girl.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Reviewed in this issue.

Forbidden Games: A memorable exploration into the child's world, filmed in France. (*SR* Dec. 6.)

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," this drama is given the benefit of a magnificent performance by Sir Ralph Richardson. (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Life Begins Tomorrow: Sartre, Gide, Corbusier, and Rostand beg for peace while showing off their latest projects in this French "documentary." (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

The Magic Box: A polystellar biography of the Mr. Chips who invented motion pictures (according to the English). (*SR* Oct. 18.)

A Father's Dilemma: An Italian villager loses a dress, makes love, brawls with the town in a brilliant imported comedy. (*SR* Oct. 18.)

The Promoter: Alec Guinness scores once again, this time in an adroitly paced adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "The Card." (*SR* Oct. 11.)

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

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Music to My Ears

MOZART AT THE MET & MITROPOULOS WITH KAPELL

IF the measurement of a musical theatre is the way it does Mozart, the Metropolitan's first "Don Giovanni" of the season marked it as category B. This was virtually a new deal, save for Fritz Reiner, who conducted, and Nadine Conner, who sang Zerlina; but the aces were few, the high cards scarcely winners.

As Leporello, Erich Kunz, the excellent baritone from Vienna, made the kind of assured debut expected of him, though the role can use a more flexible voice than his, and his action was questionably farcical. Hilde Zadek, the new Donna Anna, is an artist of sound schooling and obvious capacity, but her voice lacks real suavity or luster, two qualities which such an air as "Non mi dir" can scarcely spare. Allowing for the challenge of a debut in such a part, her bearing, the kind of atmosphere she sought to create, did not suggest that she would at best be more than a fair Donna Anna.

The yawning gap in the Metropolitan's "Don Giovanni" left by the retirement of Ezio Pinza was much more than Cesare Siepi (in succession to Paul Schoeffler and Paolo Silveri) could hope to fill in his first try. Vocally it has much to commend it: warm sound, ease in the prevailing range, excellent power in the ensembles. But the boyish charm that makes Siepi's Figaro attractive made his Don merely unimpressive. Fun and frolic abounded, but hardly the kind of passionate fury that would drive a man to kill the father of a girl he craved. He will have to revise both his makup and the fancy-dress-ball aspects of his costuming before he begins to seem a credible grandee. Siepi certainly has the best legs of any Don since Pinza, but the intellectual power to carry them close to the pedestal left vacant by his predecessor was not evident.

Let it be said for conductor Reiner—pressed further by new impersonations of Elvira by Delia Rigal and of Ottavio by Giacinto Prandelli—that he charted a straight course through the troubled C's. However, Miss Rigal's forte has never been vocal discipline and an Elvira without it (especially one who chooses to include "In quali eccessi" and "Mi tradi," which are frequently omitted) is an anomaly. Every so often one recalls Rudolf Bing's promise that his theatre would be run on a basis of "quality and quality alone." This was one occasion when one remembered it, and wondered. Certainly she looked well; but that is small compensation for quavery tones and uncertain pitch. Prandelli's Ottavio was thoroughly professional, with quality and a sense of style.

Had the cast lacked a point of reference to previous quality, it might be concluded that memory was functioning unjustly at the expense of the present participants. However, one could not avoid the realization that Miss Conner's Zerlina, which on most occasions has seemed merely another in a series of well-sung roles, was on this one a model of Mozartian manners. The inference was clear. Herbert Graf's staging followed well-defined lines, which includes credit for some of the earlier episodes, blame for the crude business of the ball, and shame for the burlesquing of the "Serenade." In all, this "Don Giovanni" was close to a makeshift. Perhaps the Metropolitan cannot afford such superior people for Mozart as Sena Jurinac or Nicola Rossi-Lemeni; but that does not justify acceptance of inferior others.

* * *

Mozart was the motif also of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall in which William Kapell appeared as soloist in the great G major Concerto (K. 453). "Great" is an adjective which comes almost automatically in describing one of the last dozen of Mozart's piano concerti, but not so the ability to meet it on its own terms. Kapell's equipment for the task included a laudable spirit of reverence, a thoroughly serious effort to comprehend its challenge, a tempering, certainly, of his normal flair for bravura.

To balance these negations, however, he did not provide the positives so urgently necessary: a tone that sang as well as rippled, a spirit that probed as well as deferred, an inner grace to match the outer conformations created by his thoroughly adept fingers. The mood was guarded, rather than assured; the emotional content of the work examined at arm's length, rather than taken to the heart. There were, to be sure, no offenses against good taste; but the absence of error is but the beginning of virtue in interpretation.

Record Week

FOR more years than I care to remember (since the absence of results is a discouraging reflection on critical influence), persons versed in the lore of the phonograph have been urging the establishment of a catalogue of recordings roughly parallel to the "Modern Library" or other reprint editions of books. The notion was that after a recording had paid off its initial investment and been superseded, in the customary manner, by something better (or merely newer and louder), it might continue to yield profit for its makers and pleasure for the buyer if sold at a price keyed to its more modest value.

Something of the sort may be attributed to the new series of "Bluebird" classics recently introduced by RCA Victor, but the intellectual concept is so hazy, the rule of thumb so broad, that one wonders if it can be related to the kind of thinking mentioned above or not. I am, certainly, for the intensified distribution suggested by the issue of the Beethoven Third Piano Concerto at a cost of only $3.10; but I find it hard to understand why it should be the excellently sounding one played by Benno Moiseiwitch, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, when Victor is still asking nearly twice as much for the much less satisfactory one of Rubinstein and Toscanini. I need no briefing on the relative reputations of Moiseiwitch versus Rubinstein, or Toscanini versus Sargent. I merely say that, on the reprint principle, the wrong version has been marked down.

Taken from the other view—namely, that some plus value inheres in a dimmer-sounding reproduction if the interpretation is outstanding—it is equally hard to understand why the collection of Johann Strauss music in which George Szell directed a wonderful "Blue Danube" (in RCA Victor set 805) with the Vienna Philharmonic should be a "Bluebird" reissue rather than a "Treasury" item. To be sure, the selections in the old 78-rpm album directed by Bruno Walter have been replaced by others directed by Karl Böhm, but the question (as it relates to Szell) remains. Even if one says that Szell, after all, is now recording for Columbia, the echo must

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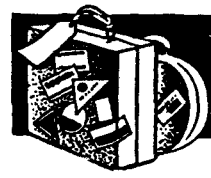
answer, so is Walter. So what? So confusion.

Before the reader concludes that he would be better off investing his money in half as many authentic RCA Victor issues, I hasten to add that this peculiar fruit-cake includes some unquestioned plums, especially Ania Dorfmann's playing of the "Pathétique" and "Moonlight" Sonatas of Beethoven (LBC 1029). The scale is small, as may be expected from this artist; but the details are all in place, the colorations refined, the emotion always dependable. Moreover, the qualtiy of piano sound is quite the best that the house of the listening dog has produced, regardless of price. I also recommend the second side of LBC 1030, on which Byron Janis performs the G minor Ballade of Chopin and a series of Liszt pieces, including the A flat "Liebestraum" and the Sixth "Hungarian Rhapsody." These are played with remarkable poise and power, and superbly reproduced.

The initial list also includes several standard symphonic works played by the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf, which I have not yet heard. I can, however, offer some opinions of other orchestral issues, including the Brahms "Haydn Variations" directed by Igor Markevitch and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" Fantasy directed by Issai Dobrowen on LBC 1010; Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" directed by Markevitch and Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" with Wilfred Pickles as narrator (LBC 1015); and Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches," Debussy's "L'Après-midi," and Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre" directed by Nicolai Malko (LBC 1019). All, save the last, which uses the Danish National Orchestra, are performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra of England. The interpretative quality in these ranges from acceptable to excellent, with the Markevitch "Nutcracker" and the Malko "Caucasian Sketches" decidedly in the higher bracket.

The only conclusion, from this seemingly purposeless collection, must be that RCA has no fixed attitude as to how this kind of list should operate, and is depending on the consumer to assert a preference. That, however, is an uncomfortable parallel to the kind of newspaper that seeks to follow reader opinion in its editorials, rather than to lead it. I can say, confidently, that all the records mentioned above are well worth the price asked, but for so many conflicting reasons that reason refuses to function. If Victor intends to follow through on this program, it must be held to strict account for the intrinsic value of everything it offers hereafter in the top price category. —Irving Kolodin.



BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE BAY WINDOW

San Francisco.

I'VE spent the last four days lost in a San Francisco fog, which is as nice a fog as any if you are going to be lost in one. "We don't have fog *all* the time," local citizens insist, but there is a sign along one of the approaches to the city, large and permanent, that no matter the current state of the weather reads, "Caution —Fog Ahead." Probably no city can boast such a symphonic collection of fog horns. They start to groan their calls as the gray mist rolls in, and my favorite is the one you pass on the ferry from San Rafael to Richmond that moans "B. O."

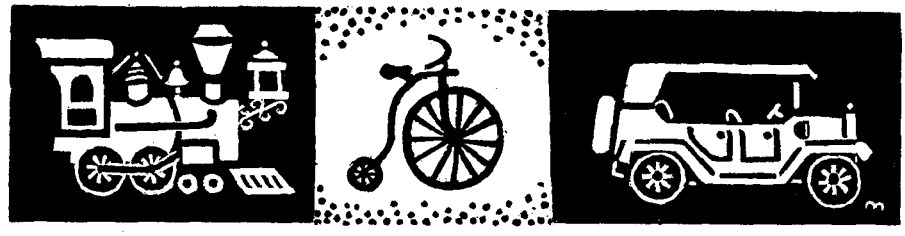
Perhaps it is the ever recurring presence of the fog that makes the view so dear to San Franciscans. Some say the city built higher and higher on its hills the better to see the land and sea. There is hardly a house in town, Victorian to avant-garde, unpossessed of broad picture windows. The biggest attraction of San Francisco is San Francisco. Men build on the heights above Berkeley across the bay and look down on Berkeley-town with a pilot's eye view. And people inhabit Telegraph Hill, which has wooden catwalks around the hillside to lead you past your neighbor's place, and he and you look down on the Embarcadero where the ships come in and out to the Navy base on Treasure Island.

But the topper of all views is from the upholstered crow's nest known as the Top of the Mark, a glass-walled cocktail lounge on the nineteenth floor of the elegant Mark Hopkins Hotel, which sits atop Nob Hill in the lush and lofty section of town. On football nights great crowds form in the lobby to get to the Top of the Mark, and in summer the tourists come in battalion strength to file past the view, as if—one resident put it—it were a bier. Lovers, sophomores, and visiting Ceylonese look out to the delicate towers of the Golden Gate Bridge that holds hands with both sides of the harbor, and over the big-city buildings and past Chinatown to th Oakland Bay Bridge. The sunsets ar magnificent, but when the fog rolls i it makes for a sort of chuminess, an even Alcatraz, an island in the bay is camouflaged with glamour.

Like the rest of Nob Hill, the Marl Hopkins was once crowned with th digs of a baron who hit it rich in th ore deposits that run like under ground rivers through the north Cali fornia earth. He moved out of hi nineteenth-floor castle in 1936 an three years later the Top of the Marl was opened. Among those who hav copied the idea is the tiny Marl Twain Hotel in Sacramento, which ha a bar in the cellar known as The Bot tom of the Mark.

SAN FRANCISCO is built on sever hills I read somewhere, but there must be more than that. They rise i great inverted V's, tear the clutch ou of your car, and if you walk them the blood will race in your veins like alternating current. So you take the cable car, which still rolls uphill i defiance of gravity and of the norma laws of progress which rendered them obsolete a long time ago. But San Francisco is sentimental, and at rush hour the cars still bulge with citizens local acrobats hang from the hand-rails and teeter on the running board as the vehicle climbs the dizzy heights taking San Francisco home. The motorman taking us up California Street the other night was busier than an organist with poison ivy playing "The Sabre Dance." He pulled down on the track brake pedal, yanked the grip lever, jumped up and down on the wheel brake pedal, and beat a rhythm on the bell cord. "My, you're careless," he told an automobilist who got in the way. "I haven't hit a car all month and I'm overdue."

The city's greenery is Golden Gate Park, a great expanse where ferns and fan palms and eucalyptus grow, and there is an Oriental Garden where you sip tea from Japanese cups, stroll through pagodas, and look at Bud-



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ıas. There are windmills along the reat Highway that runs aside the ach, set there to trap the breezes f the Pacific. And the coarse green ıir of the stunted cypress trees is ushed back against the hills, windown by the breezes that lately cassed Hawaii. Seals play on rocks ant yards from shore. From the liff House, which is a restaurant, ou get a striking panorama of the aves stacked up and waiting to make ıe last run to shore and unravel ıemselves on the broad beige beach. When San Francisco isn't admiring self it is eating, and sometimes it oes both at the same time. The inrnational hodgepodge has created aces like Fong Fong's Bakery-Lunch ıd that relic of the frontier, Hong og Inn, a Chinatown chop suey joint. has the greatest Chinese settlement utside of China, and the local hous-ıg project has a Chinese arch, char-cters on the walls, and is called ing Yuen, which means Tranquil arden.

Take Ernie's on Montgomery Street, lothed in walls of red damask and here all the lights are candles. Its ar came around the Horn in '94 when ıe restaurant was the Frisco Dance fall and the floor upstairs housed an stablishment of dubious repute. Now ıe atmosphere is elegance personified, nd Mario, who makes the crepes uzettes, breaks into the romantic enor strains of "Vienie Su," a song, ke Mario, born in old Italy.

You can singe your ulcer with Quesadilles or Chiles Relleños at the Papagayo Room at the Fairmont Hotel, which parrots with the tortillas. Tropical birds walk the tiny streets of miniature bird village past a typical ity monument dedicated to "The Wrong Brothers, Wilbur and Orville. First Birds to Walk." You can test your spelling and your pancreas with auerbraten and kartoffelpfannkuchen ıt The Shadows, on Telegraph Hill, which is Greenwich Village with a view. Skipper Kent's decks out the ıead waiter in a white linen suit, has hat Tahiti look including a waterfall, ıot to mention the best fried prawns encountered up to press-time. The Tonga Room, also in the Fairmont, goes the Skipper one better. Its dance floor is set alongside a swimming pool and once every half hour a storm comes up out of the machinery across the bay and rain falls from the ceiling into the pool.

ALSO in the Fairmont is La Ronde, a cocktail lounge made to look like a French carousel, which actually goes around with the tables and the customers aboard. Toulouse-Lautrecs are pasted on the white brick walls, the waitresses are done up in abbreviated bloomers and net stockings, and there by the door is a gendarme with real beard and mustache. "Bonjour Monsieurs, 'dames," he says as he swings open the portal. "Entrez, je vous en prie. On vous attend," which of course means "Get inside y'bums, we're just waiting to get your scratch."

The Ritz-Old Poodle Dog has that wonderful Paris smell, and when anybody orders fried cream flambé, a bell rings and the house lights are lowered in a genuflection to French gastronomy. The Domino Club in an alley at Trinity Place is absolutely covered with nude oils, including one known as Gloria, who exhibited herself at the Golden Gate Exposition of 1939 and through a trick in lighting was made to appear as if she breathed.

There is a place on Broadway called the Boccie Ball, where you hear operatic arias in front or step in the back room to watch wrinkled Italians play boccia, which is sort of like bowling on the green. Or you take Golden Gate Bridge lined with amber bulbs out to Sausalito and stop at the Valhalla, a Victorian fantasy by the water mixed up with legends of Jack London and operated by Mme. Sally Stanton, a lady renowned in these parts because of her former occupation. And when the eating is done in San Francisco it's time to head for Larry's for a *cappucino*, which is hot chocolate emboldened with rum or cognac.

For those seeking the lusty San Francisco immortalized by M-G-M, the original Barbary Coast still exists along one street known as the International Settlement. Some of those saloons that catered to buccaneers still exist, and it is said that there is still evidence of some trapdoors leading to the harbor through which bouncers of a hundred years ago were fond of dropping inebriates. Waiters are still done up in green striped shirts and handlebar mustaches, strip shows abound, and the main difference between then and now seems to be that these days it is the pirates who own the places.

—HORACE SUTTON.

—*TWA Photo.*

The Bay Bridge—"even Alcatraz is camouflaged with glamour."

TRAVELER'S TALE

PRUDENT GUIDE TO IMPUDENT CITY: The author Edward Hutton by temperament and choice does not look with favor on Tarzan-historians. His book, **"Florence"** (David McKay, $4.50), is concerned with things, persons, places of the city, and he goes to great pains to describe them, and, less frequently, his response to them. Very much like a man who worships his beautiful and talented wife, but cannot bring himself to praise her publicly, Mr. Hutton often describes his city-love in a laconic fashion, convinced that the mere description will be more than sufficient, that anything else would be gilding the lily. Not that he can restrain himself forever. When you've been reticent so long, you want to make up for it when you do talk. And so Mr. Hutton seems sometimes too dry, sometimes too exuberant. Yet he knows Florence, and even with its lack of good photographs this book can become indispensable to all who have an interest in that magnificent and impudent city.

—SERGE HUGHES.

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Caribbean Cauldron

MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

FOR a week, ashes like fine snow had drifted down over the old rosy tiles, the pink and honey-colored walls, the cobbled streets of the little French tropical city of St. Pierre on the island of Martinique. In brilliant sunshine, its trees and walled gardens stepped up the green foothills from the arc of its blue Caribbean bay. Far above everything towered the majesty of Mt. Pelée.

Clouds from the Atlantic had always rolled purple across the mountain's green heights or had blown away to reveal at its sharp summit some lazy puff of steam. But now smoke curled down sluggishly, hiding the eroded slopes, and there were grindings and roarings like far thunder. At night, staring up as they strolled in the open places before the cathedral or the charming classic façade of their theatre, people marveled to see a vast ruddy brilliance flash on the underbellies of clouds, as if reflected upward from a red inferno deep within.

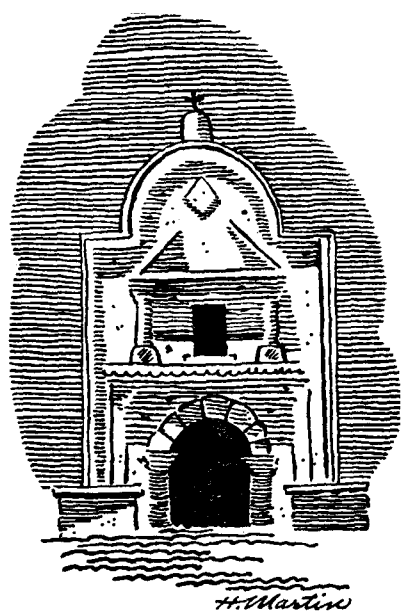
Yet the easy, French-chattering people of St. Pierre did not worry very much about that. The bay was a mirror reflecting the masts of anchored ships. The ash was swept into the gutters running always with bright cold mountain water. They laughed at the pretty faces of girls in their striped costumes, their blue and violet and yellow shoulder-kerchiefs and their smart turbans all powdered with ash like their faces, as if for a masquerade. It was more like a masquerade still when people went about with white handkerchiefs over their noses to keep out the stench of sulphur.

Some began to filter away, up the Grande-Route-de-la-Trace that leads to Fort-de-France at the southern end of the island, as browner and heavier clouds rolled like boulders down those enormous slopes. People came hurrying into the city, breathless with the rumor that in the north a sugar-mill and some houses had been swallowed up in boiling streams of mud. More people crowded the streets from nearby plantations and foothill villages. The St. Pierre paper advised them that, in case of earthquake, St. Pierre was much the safest place to be. More people came in for the fête of Ascension day and the elections that would follow.

Darkness came down over the city. The ash fell steadily, drifting in the corners of walls. Shops were lighted at what would have been noon-day. Crowds moved restlessly from the lighted altars of the cathedral to the Place Bertin high over the harbor, where they could stare up at the gritty darkness where Pelée had been. The soft ash muffled their footsteps and their voices so that what had been a cheerful, noisy, tropic city became a city of whispering and of silence.

Before eight o'clock on the morning of May 8, 1902, more than thirty thousand people were alive. At two minutes before eight o'clock the telegraph key at Fort-de-France that had been chattering away at the touch of the St. Pierre operator stopped short. In four minutes, thirty thousand people in St. Pierre, except one, were dead. Hot gases burned their flesh, exploded in their very lungs. In the bay the ships slowly burned and sank, their decks covered with dead men. They are there below to this day. One man was left alive because he was a prisoner deep in a thick-walled prison cell. He lay writhing with deep flesh burns from burning gas that came in the small opening in his cell door and knew nothing until he was rescued four days afterward.

That was the famous eruption of Mt. Pelée. Today, when planes and ships stop at Martinique, people stare in awe to catch a glimpse, through purple blowing clouds, of that majestic bare peak of peaks. Sometimes it stands clear, the new pinnacle which was extruded in that eruption appearing higher and sharper against dazzling blue. Below all that they look at the enormous fan-shaped scar that marks the mountain from the clouds to the sea, where the burning cloud killed every living thing, as well as the thirty thousand people of St. Pierre and the ten thousand people more who died in the foothills. That scar is called "The Valley of the Avalanche."



To this day only a few lichens and some faint beginning green grows on that vast lifeless surface. It is set with huge boulders flung there white-hot from Pelée's crater and cooling slowly into breadcrusted forms. The streets of St. Pierre have been cleared of rubble. The charming small theatre has been restored, and also the cathedral. Voices of a few people may be heard, going to church in the cool shadow of Pelée that lies there long after the sun has risen. A few women sell baskets and vegetables in the small market. A few tourists pick their way curiously along the streets where mountain water runs in the gutters still. But it is a city of ghostly ruins high over the bay where no ships can come, because of those ships drowned below.

CATASTROPHE had rumbled over Martinique because terrible molten forces of the inner earth had been bottled up in Pelée's old chimney by a great plug of cooled rock. As the inner molten magma was choked back its heat increased to incandescence. Then came the awful clouds of heat pulled down by gravity on St. Pierre—a flow of incandescent gas particles, continuously exploding. There was no lava, as people know the word. The French volcanologist Lacroix, who studied Pelée in 1902, gave its extraordinary phenomena the name by which they are known now to all volcanologists, "nués ardentes" or "burning clouds." Only a very few other eruptions have been similarly characterized by them.

In the lesser eruption of 1929 they poured up harmlessly into the brilliant light because the plug in Pelée's chimney had blown out in 1902. The late Frank A. Perret said then that Pelée would be harmless for 500 years more, until another plug slowly chokes that infernal throat. Modern instruments for the detection of volcanic activity, such as Dr. Perret used, nowadays keep the scientists informed of all that goes on deep down there in these spout holes from the inner earth, so that never again will the people of these islands go unwarned.

The tremendous drama of Pelée dominates the story of all that wonderful arc of islands called the Lesser

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Antilles. But either together or separately they are magnificent. They rise four thousand and more feet out of the sea. From the worn and tilted sea bottom through which the boiling core of the world erupted to build these heights, to the clouds always blowing about their summits, they add up to a sheer lift of some ten thousand feet. They are the most perfect chain of ocean-born volcanic islands in this hemisphere, if not the world.

From the north, they begin with Saba—a Dutch dependency which is unmistakably volcanic to anyone who has struggled up its slopes from the rocky landing or flown and dipped over the high quiet crater. Here the little town of Bottom has bred its generations of sailors and never known an eruption. There are not even any steam plumes marking activity within.

Just to the south is St. Eustacius, which lifts its old crater like a huge bowl to the sky, lined with great trees and overgrown with vines, and St. Christopher, which everybody calls St. Kitts. The latter's quiet volcano is Mt. Misery, whose 4,500 feet of towering jungle is constantly darkened with clouds and haunted with monkeys. Here and there roaring black fumaroles give off their steam and sulphur fumes harmlessly, stared at by fascinated tourists.

Nevis is the island named for the snow of clouds about its summit. It is a volcano so perfectly shaped, rising in such delicate grace from the deep sea, that it might be a volcano on a fan.

REDONDA, next along to the south, is only a great rock, but it is volcanic rock and once there were sulphur mines on it. Its neighbor Montserrat, with its 3,000-foot Soufrière and Central Hills that lift their worn volcanic chimneys above cotton fields on its eroded slopes, was the island most affected by Pelée's disturbance in 1929. The people of Montserrat lived through three thousand earthquakes in two years following 1931. Its Soufrière boiled up in a blasted scar of earth stained and crusted yellow and scarlet by its dangerous gases. But no lives were lost and tropic vegetation covers up the earthquake marks. Montserrat's fine northern beach is black and jetty as coal.

The mass of Guadelupe's Basse Terre, is a pile of volcanic shapes. Its Soufrière at 4,070 feet rises above Groose Mantagne and Deuz Mamelles as if one volcano had been heaped upon another. But its green mountain jungles are undisturbed except for the excellent hot sulphur springs, above the little town, where people from adjacent French islands come to take the healing baths.

The beauty of the mountain wall of Dominica, all rainbows and waterfalls and jungle emerald to the heights, is all volcanic. Morne Diablotin at 4,750 feet takes the Atlantic clouds, but with its Soufrière and its Trois Pitons has been quiet for centuries. To see volcanic action on the British island of Dominica one can stand and watch the deep bass fumbling and muttering of a sulphur hole, in the lower hills, or make the difficult trip to the high, lonely Boiling Lake, where sometimes a hot geyser leaps from the broad surface. No plant grows anywhere about. The northern cliffs of Dominica are deep rosy-red and one bathes in green and white water foaming up pink sands among black volcanic boulders. But south-eastward, there are bays among high cliffs where round black rocks rumble like thunder, rolled and worn in the strong Atlantic tides.

From the high southern promontory of Dominica one looks southward on a breathtaking sight. Pelée is there across the narrow surging sea-passage, where the galleons came. Beyond Martinique, St. Lucia starts upward blue in the sun-mist from yellow sand bays in black basaltic cliffs. St. Lucia's Soufrière emits sulphur fumes and bubbling, bellowing steam. But it is St. Vincent, rising like a cloud, whose Soufrière is the great rival to Pelée. In 1902, on the day before Pelée's disaster, St. Vincent's volcano killed 2,000 people in rivers of scalding mud and poisonous fumes. Vast dust clouds carried thousands of tons of dust as far as Barbados. In 1718 the great German naturalist Humboldt first described a St. Vincent eruption. In 1812, a purple-brown cloud exploded in grit and boiling rain and flashing globes of fire for twelve continuous days of darkness. The last of the Caribs, in two reservations on St. Vincent, were killed then, leaving in all the West Indies only the few on Dominica.

Farther to the south, the Grenadines continue the arc in a series of small volcanoes, half-drowned with sea, that are their own islands. The arc ends with Grenada. The old craters of its Mt. Sinai and Mt. Catherine have long been stopped with blue lakes, ringed with jungle. There are only hot mineral springs to show that this is the last of the Lesser Antilles' volcanic chain.

Islands to the north of Saba were once volcanic also. The British Virgins and Anegada, the American Virgins and St. Croix, and the others were raised long, long before in some beginning volcanic action. But these were worn down by rain and sea-action, tilted and half-submerged and covered with sediment and extended by coral reefs long before the others were begun.

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There is a review of the first of these books and an extract from the second in the current number of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. To get the Trumpet free and postpaid, send a card to Elisabeth MacGill.

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THE SCIENTIST AS HAMLET

(*Continued from page* 10)

ized the whole profession of acting. There can be no doubt that scientists, being human, have found in themselves the ability to enjoy their dilemma as one enjoys biting on an aching tooth. The ache is none the less real for the fact that they know the whole world watches, as they turn the skull —our skull and their skull—in their graceful, manipulative hands. Who would not play that scene? Who does not today, knowing that in every deathly shudder there is the deliciousness of life? There is also more than a sour joke in the fact that the physicists, desperately thrashing about in their dilemma, as often as not lunge desperately at some fancied foe, and find that from behind the arras there falls the *wrong* corpse, irrevocably dead.

There is much room for study of Shakespeare as mainly concerned with the fundamental tragedy of force, and specifically with the vanity of war. It is a theme of "Macbeth," of "Julius Caesar," and of "Hamlet." Almost whenever Hamlet speaks of death, it is of conquerors coming to it. And one does not have to live in fear of radioactive war and guided missiles to receive the impact of the final scene, in which—as in the robot wars to come—poisoned cups and foils are so interchanged that only a second count can tell who slaughtered whom, what death was by what hand. This is of the essence of what Shakespeare had to say, that we cannot predict the outcome of violence. And it all has bearing upon our modern Hamlets. But it is not yet the real rub.

To be as specific as I can, let me review the role of the physicist in our present situation.

Even before the discovery of fission, physics had long since ceased to be a parlor game. It was the philosopher of an industrial world, a "real" world of people, things, and forces of men, as well as of nature. The world gave its philosopher princely privilege. Sometimes industry paid it in real coin, but society paid it in far richer coin—in princely prestige and, richer still, in freedom. But for freedom, too, there is always a price. Did Hamlet expect ever to be king? He enjoyed being a prince, but you will not find anywhere in the play that he ever thought of the problems of being king. Did physicists, or the philosophers of reason, anticipate the end-result of preparing powers neither they nor any other group of men were prepared to use wisely? A question. They took the pay and the privilege.

WHEN it could be seen that fission could make a bomb, the world was on the eve of war. A brutal Claudius menaced the entire world. It was clear that he lived by the sword. It seemed clear to the physicists that *they* could wield a sword which would restore fruitfulness in the rottenness that was Denmark. Did they ever hesitate? The record shows that they did. And at the last moment they asked our Secretary of State to make sure that the bomb was not used against defenseless civilians in Japan. They hesitated on the stairs—although now physics has more military work than it had at the height of the war.

But, it might be noted, in the case of the physicists, they themselves had thought it was best to be secret about this next development in man. They had conscience, and tried to use it to decide what was good or bad for the State, but they were not political enough to *let the entire kingdom use its collective conscience*. In the summer of 1939, before the war had started, they had voluntarily among themselves decided to swear their friends to secrecy. This is not to judge, except to note that they initially started a solitariness which later became compulsory—and also that they took to it with alacrity, and learned to love midnight alarms, which in their case were not so much skirmishes on a parapet as transoceanic airplane flights and secret passwords at armed guard posts.

But essentially they embraced what we can see now as their prime mistake, if we admit that their situation, like Hamlet's, is essentially that of a conscience required to act in politics. We may call it the Danish Fallacy, or we may call it the Search for a Gordian Knot. In the end the kingdom learns of midnight murders, and wonders why it was not told until the damage was done.

"And now I am alone."

Why is Hamlet alone?

This is not to say that we have not all made this mistake. It is to say exactly the opposite; the intellectuals of the West have all partaken of

Prayer at Eniwetok

By Francis Brennan

O Lord
Guide us now
We have measured counted
weighed
And the search is almost
done.

Within the
glass and metal
Calculators
The myriad correlations end
And we are assembled
To verify
The terminal
Fact.

O Lord
Help us now
We see Space as Time
Light as Matter
Matter as
Force.

Enveloped in the
Surging
Flame-Storms
Of a thousand
suns

We know too
One is all
And all is
One.

Thus we came
Upon Revelation's
Image.

O Lord
Deliver us now
We press close on Your domain:
We beheld in
Fission

The searing flashes
Of the wrathful ancient gods:
Now in
Fusion

We do release
The second half
of aeon-locked finality:
Regeneration.

O Lord
Grant us now
The last Great Reason.
We tremble in discovery
For slowly comes the deadly
Question:

Is this not the
Power
That giveth and the
Power
That taketh away?
Amen.

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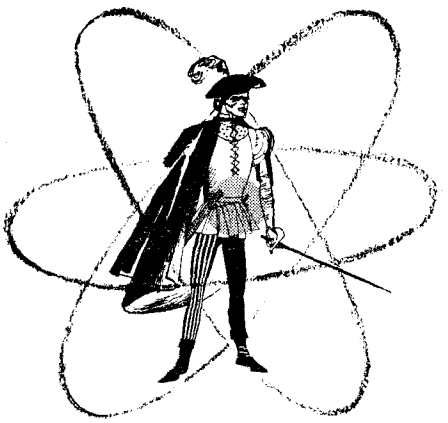
Hamlet's drink of vanity and solitude. Confronted with complicated political decisions, we are so often willing to solve them if left to our unbothered individual reason. Give us the sword, turn on the spotlight, and we will be glad to cut the Gordian knot! So simple! But tediously to cooperate with others at solving the insane complexity of modern problems? So tiresome!

The physicists saw some of their error when they emerged from the laboratories at the end of the war. Many of them descended on Washington to see that Congress understood the nature of this violence. For a time, unlike Hamlet, they even had a dim understanding that they needed allies. Specifically, the Federation of Atomic Scientists, their crusading lobby, in its battle for civil control of atomic energy, sought and got the help of the League of Women Voters, the CIO, the Catholic Welfare Conference, the Federal Council of Churches, and many others.

But when the domestic Gordian knot seemed cut (and it turned out to have been only scratched), they lacked the energy to tackle the much harder problem of explaining themselves on a larger scale—and to battle for control of atomic energy through U.N. To be sure, by this time the loyalty probes, spy cases, Un-American Activities Committees, etc., had given them a very rough ride. Perhaps they had a rougher time than have others. Perhaps not. But the fact is, as any who worked with them in those days will recall, that it was terribly hard to get physical scientists to sit down even with members of the social sciences, much less with other people less learned, and work on the common problem of peace. There was much truth in their statement that The Bomb *was* the problem of peace, but when others failed to see that, and sought new avenues through which disarmament or other problems might be approached, their interest flagged immediately.

It was not in their princely heritage to take counsel and advice. In their



fathers' day they had played with ideas as a Puck among moonbeams. In their own day they had played with life and death, as wanton boys kill flies on a summer's day.

Does one ask Prometheus to learn public relations? The question answers itself. It also raises the suspicion that for Prometheus the glory was worth the pain.

This concept helps explain (to turn the book upside down) why Hamlet was alone. *He preferred to be alone.* He cast the die with a play-within-a-play-within-a-play, an idea which has been of especial interest to all intellectuals ever since. A charming idea! (And nothing, the secretaries at Oak Ridge will tell you, could remind them more of the temperamental preference of physicists to take the most complicated path towards any given object; intricacy of itself is a good, and let the ends of these means be damned.)

At the moment of the players' play, Shakespeare's theatricalism encourages us to believe that the court of Denmark thought of nothing else. In fact, as Shakespeare's audience *knew*, the court must have been a seething cauldron of conflicting factions. Hamlet had a friend—Horatio—and Horatio must have had friends. Claudius had friends, and not only toadies, for surely there must always have been men who unqualifiedly admire the man who knows how to get things done. Claudius knew that, all right. So brutal a man must also have had enemies, not necessarily friends but still potential allies of Hamlet. Who they were we can never know. Hamlet did not ask.

This was a political situation, but at the crux of it was a man, for all his rich sympathies, devoted to ideas and not to people. For such a man, the job to be done was his alone. The

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HEMINGWAY:
THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

He is a great fish and I must convince him, he thought. I must never let him learn his strength nor what he could do if he made his run . . . But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able.

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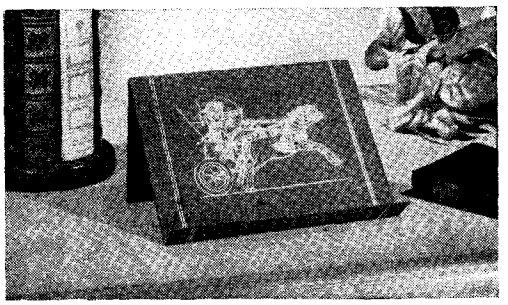

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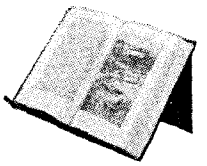

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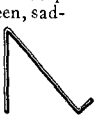

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poorest politician who calls himself by that name in the seediest courthouse of the sleepiest county in Georgia would have bethought himself at that point *to see that others besides Horatio were watching the countenance of the King.* The thought is so far from Hamlet's mind that it never crosses ours as we see the play. It is not his lack of action, but his lack of *political* action, that kills him.

Before and after Hamlet there have been uncrowned pretenders who never became kings—but who were known to be rightful rulers and so addressed by their friends in the privacy of their conspiratorial closets. No one, including Hamlet, ever called Hamlet "King." This is one of the keys to "The Tragedie of Hamlet, *Prince* of Denmark."

TODAY the atomic scientists have withdrawn again into their ivory towers. No longer do they cry, "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!" Having done much to set it wrong, having tried feebly as lone rangers to set it right, they cry a curse upon this foolish world, and retire into their laboratories—to make hydrogen bombs.

The believers have a reason for this. We have made the scientist afraid, they tell us. There is truth in this, and Hamlet died of the rottenness of Denmark. But the real reason that physical scientists are no longer politically active is both more noble and more ignoble: they became bewildered and bored.

To a greater degree even than most intellectuals, they seek always the single lightning stroke. But where novelty is the life of physics, repetition is the life of politics. They were willing to take the skull in their hands and say over the sad, beautiful, wise words of truth, but in undertaking the tedious political task of seeking allies, of accepting compromise, of carrying wood and drawing water (in Point Four, for example), they were and are not interested. The social scientists have taken over their magazine, which once promised to quicken a new birth. The despised engineer will go to Rangoon to teach natives to build waterwheels, but the physicist must again be seeking truth, the Promethean lightning. And when he grasps that fatal foil again, in our own Fifth Act yet to come, the corpse-littered final scene of "Hamlet" will seem like "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Yet it is exactly in this doom, in which we share, that we find some grandeur in watching the physicist's play within our own play. That the Scientist is not God, but is "like a god," is the frame of tragedy. His tragedy, like Hamlet's, is that his course cannot be clear; he was born into a bloody and violent age. He struggles between the dream and the deed because he was taken suddenly and thrust into maturity. We all know that suddenness. Endlessly our gloomy princes struggle with their guilt, and their pretended withdrawal now is but a phase in which they visibly suffer. History will not judge them so guilty, but will remember them as we remember the Dane—and not for his rash impulses, his immaturities, his weakness, and his tragedy.

What history will remember will be what few physicists believe in, even as Hamlet could not act upon it, the *conscience* that says murder is most foul.

Our princes of then and now do not fail to decide. They act. But what makes them most human—and divine—is that they hesitate. Perhaps they had to act. We will never forget that they did not have to think and fee but nonetheless did—and do yet.

Here they cultivated their "appre hension like a god," an apprehensio in which we are all kings of infinit space. Our bad dreams and our darl deeds keep us from building it in ac tuality, but there is a world in whicl the poetry of the atom is one with th poetry of Shakespeare. In their hesi tance and their outcries, the now silenced physicists showed us agair the world in which Hamlet is Princ of Denmark, Shakespeare rules Lon don still, and Einstein, not Stalin, i first citizen of our dark age.

But for our bad dreams we would all be princes in that kingdom of kingdoms wherein Man would come tc rule himself. The "incomprehensible' cry of Hamlet in his "madness" said it for all mankind in all times: "O God I could be bounded in a nutshell and still be King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE GRINNING GORILLA *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Corpse among primates puts Perry Mason, Della Street, on spot; they work off of same.	Some characters on dizzy side, but old-time zip has not abated in fortieth PM yarn.	Good
ALIBI FOR A WITCH *E. X. Ferrars* (Crime Club: $2.50	English gal, tutoring brat on Italian coast, in pickle as boss checks out.	Hide-the-corpse angle, always a nuisance, here attains height of annoyance.	Exasperating
ENROLLMENT CANCELLED *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.50)	So. Cal. campus siren sliced; faculty, cops, move; Penny-feather of English dept. bypasses Milton for murder.	Profs, students, law nicely three-dimensional; suspense factor high.	Good
THE DEAD THING IN THE POOL *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Yank movie star, on location in Mexico, finds fist in garden spring; archeological duo take over.	Superstrong in local color; characters, both US and native, garrulous.	Thin
SOMETHING TO HIDE *Philip MacDonald* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Six long-shorts, mainly U.S. settings; various solvers; by author of "Warrant for X."	Dr. Alcazar, charlatan and sleuth, featured in main yarns.	Variety show
DEATH BY ASSOCIATION *Richard and Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Capt. Heimrich, NYPD, convalesces into murder at Key West, helps locals solve ex-Red's passing.	Slow starter, but picks up after heroine is fitted into yarn; setting, color, nice.	Plus mark
YOU DIE(T) TODAY *Baynard Kendrick* (Morrow: $2.50)	Broadway gunfire lands blind vet in toils; Duncan Maclain, blind op., takes trips, works it out.	Trail leads to Hudson Valley health farm (note title) and involved backwashes of plot.	Standard
THE LAST SURVIVOR *Estil Dale* (Dutton: $2.50)	Southern clan reaps 100G oil harvest; hard feelings arrive, corpses clutter old homestead.	First-person narrative by irritating principal; has some sharp passages, plus several dull ones.	No medals

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Risen Christ

By John Presland

WEARY with three days' sojourning in hell,
Weary with thirty toiling years on earth,
He rises from the tomb. No triumph here
Of victory over death; the lifted arms
Bear up the intolerable weight of life,
The bowed head carries a more tragic load
Than the sharp crown of thorns, for on it rests
The burden of knowledge.
He has known life and death;
He has descended to the abysmal void
Where good and evil have their tortuous roots,
Itself nor good nor evil, the dark soil,
Irrational source of all things manifest.
Alone, deserted by the God he loved,
He has experienced that reality
Only a God may in his strength sustain,
For he has seen the very stuff and substance
Which is the Universe, the pageantry
Of irresistible and random force
Which yet directs itself in Protean forms,
The spiral nebulae, the smallest cell
That parturient, manifests its life.
He has seen stark creative energy
Stark self-destructive, an unending theme
That has no purpose in the realm of thought.
And in that three days' death he has beheld
The bitter law of living; every life
Nourished by death and in itself to die
When its short ineffectual struggles cease,
To nourish others.
Now once more he stands,
Facing the dawn among the world of men.
How shall he speak to them whom he has loved?
How shall he speak to them for whom he died,
For in his knowledge all their history lies?
He has seen the Roman circus, lit with flares
Of human torches; he has seen Attila
And all the hosts of fierce marauders
That sweep across the helpless; he has seen
The victim on the Aztec altar-stone
And the priest's hand that wrenched the throbbing heart
From the torn breast, to offer it to God.
He has seen men who called upon his name
Writhing in flames, lit by the men who called
On his name also; witch-hunts he has seen;
Belsen and Auschwitz; and the huge drab hordes
Dying a toilsome and inglorious death
On icy steppes, in the name of Brotherhood;
And over Nagasaki he has seen
The toad-stool cloud beneath whose shadow lie
Ten thousand deaths.
Here stands the Risen Christ,
Knowing his crucifixion must endure,
Perhaps for ever, since all time itself
Is insufficient for the purchase-price
Of man's redemption, nor one death avail
To annul the evil in the heart of things.

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THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 15)

significant quotations, so rich that the volume could serve as a source book for Irish history in the nineteenth century. Mr. O'Hegarty is an Irish nationalist but he is not blind to the faults and failures of his countrymen nor grudging in his tributes to those Englishmen (Gladstone in particular) who labored to right Irish wrongs.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

QUICK LOOK AT CANADA: Many attempts have been made to find words to describe Canada's relations with Great Britain and the United States. Winston Churchill's "linchpin" was a first-rate try. Others have called Canada a "bridge" and an "interpreter." Now a new book by Leslie Roberts describes Canada not simply as a hinge, but as a golden hinge—**"Canada: The Golden Hinge"** (Rinehart, $3.50). Perhaps lubricant would be a more suitable word when the United States and Britain disagree on issues.

Mr. Roberts, a Canadian writer who has contributed extensively to publications on both sides of the border, takes his readers on a quick trip across and through Canada. As the publisher's jacket says, the author "reveals to his readers the face of Canada." The book suffers from its surface reporting.

For those Americans who know nothing of Canada, or who still believe Canadians pay taxes to the Queen, this is a useful starter. Mr. Roberts describes the sights; beats Canadians about the ears who disagree with him; shows Canadians are different from Americans and Englishmen; praises the proper things; looks to a greater future; points out the new oil wealth of Alberta and the iron ore of Labrador; sketches the people who inhabit the country.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

ROOTS OF NATIONALISM: Professor Louis L. Snyder's previous writings, especially his lucid and penetrating "Hitlerism" and "From Bismarck to Hitler" assure his latest study, **"German Nationalism: The Tragedy of a People"** (Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pa., $3.75) an attentive reception. He is exceptionally well endowed by talent and training to clarify for American readers the most strongly rooted and most baffling aspects of German nationalism. He is familiar with the thought of German philosophers, poets, economists, and historians; he knows the intricacies of German politics, and he has a genius for disentangling the essential strands and motives from which modern German history has been woven. Every thoughtful American would benefit by reading his book. It is one of the clearest and most readable analyses in English of that extreme and egocentric cult of militant chauvinism that has brought Germany and Europe to their present grim plight.

—G. B.

ANTI-COMMUNIST PROSPECTS IN ITALY AND FRANCE: The first complete and authoritative dual study to appear in this country on the Italian Christian Democratic Party and the French *Mouvement Republicain Populaire* is **"Christian Democracy in Italy and France,"** by Mario Einaudi and Francois Goguel (University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., $4). It is the latest and most competent estimate available on the strength and prospects of the liberal anti-Communist forces in two leading states of Western Europe. The volume is a product of the "French-Italian Enquiry" begun at Cornell University in 1949 with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation. Mario Einaudi is professor of government at Cornell, François Goguel a leader among the younger group of French political scientists. Their scrupulous, objective, and detailed estimates of Christian Democracy as a political force, and of its chances for success in "direct competition with the two strongest Communist Parties of Western society"—the French and Italian—are as valuable as they are timely. Both scholars recognize that Christian Democracy may well be the last best hope for salvaging all we think of as best in the culture of the European community. Both acknowledge realistically the internal and external forces arrayed against this experiment in reconciliation, but they close on a note of cautious optimism.

—G. B.

BOOKSHELVES

(*Continued from page* 18)

their habitats, and especially his informal introduction, make engrossing reading even for those who have never hugged a rifle. A thick sheaf of bright photographs adds proof to his text. A fine book for the most dangerous animal in existence—a hunter with a rifle!

From the field to the stream: Ray Bergman's **"Trout"** (Knopf, $7.50) is also written with passion and precision. It efficiently covers its subject, fishing, with full analyses of wet and dry casting flies, methods of casting, and miscellaneous information for the angler. (An amusing chapter heading: "Nymphs and Method of Fishing Them.") Twenty stunning color plates show the flies in all their flamboyance. The opening chapter on the author's early experience is a fine piece of nature prose. Maybe the outdoors is a good school of writing.

And from the stream to the shore: Raymond B. Camp's **"Duck Boats: Blinds: Decoys and Eastern Seaboard Wildfowling"** (Knopf, $5.95) tells about the equipment, technique, tricks, and the places to put them all to use. As handsomely produced as the rifle and trout books (in the Knopf manner), it is less well-written, being—as the blurb unwittingly puts it—"larded with anecdotes."

In the British "Who's Who" many of the who's list motoring as a sport. This may be difficult for Americans to understand, who ride in hearse-like sedans or truck-like convertibles. An appreciation and an understanding of motoring as a sport can be gained with no pain from Ralph Stein's **"Sports Cars of the World"** (Scribner's, $10). Written in a style as breezy as a ride in a Jaguar, its opening section is uproarious. Then it settles down, more or less soberly, to tell about the sports car (defined as a machine driven for the sheer pleasure of driving) as it is made in England, France, Italy, Germany, and (hardly at all) in America. Both old and new models are described, and depicted with colored or black-and-white photographs. The writing is not highly technical; and anybody who has had the thrill of spinning along in a sports car will not consider Mr. Stein's enthusiasm excessive.

Another form of mobile adventure, though a hobby rather than a sport, is thoroughly explored in **"New Roads to Adventure in Model Railroading,"** by Louis H. Hertz (Simmons-Boardman, $4.95). The little flimsy trains one

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used to see crawling around the Christmas tree look as outmoded as the ox-cart next to the models and equipment given here: indoor and outdoor systems, with signals, bridges, and landscapes of all kinds, and even the "lure" of live steam engines. All, of course, in miniature, even (for those in small apartments) on boards that fold into a cabinet. And for antiquarian collectors, tin plate toy trains and catalogues. Diagrams and pictures are a great help to the text, but the poor paper and format are not.

For the sportsman who wants his sport at its most vicarious and sedentary, a collection of **"The World's Greatest Boxing Stories"** has been brought together by Harold U. Ribalow (Twayne, $2.95). There are eighteen of them, including such classics as Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" and Lardner's "Champion." Several of them, Budd Schulberg's and Irwin Shaw's, tell of the impact of boxing outside the ring, carrying their own kind of punch. The only fault is in the title: why the "world's" when all are by Americans?

Specifically Christmasy

Three seasonal tales broadcast by Alistair Cook have been printed as **"Christmas Eve"** (Knopf, $2). They are neat and witty, and with a sophistication above the heads of those children (and adults) who still believe in Santa Claus.

In an unaccustomed role as a writer of comic fantasy, Norman Corwin has uncovered **"The Plot to Overthrow Christmas"** (Holt, $1.50). As told in the form of a verse play, Nero is sent up from Hades to rub out Santa. The result of his diabolical mission will not come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the fact that Christmas is almost upon us.

—Illustrations by Robert Frankenberg from "The Christmas Book."

HOLIDAY GIFT-LIST

(*Continued from page 19*)

ton Halsey Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Co. Four vols., $35.
Much light is thrown on the social history of New York City from 1835 to 1875 by this diary of a Manhattan worthy.

DIVIDED WE FOUGHT: A Pictorial History of the War 1861-1865. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.
Four hundred sixty photographs which tell the story of the war, chosen by Hirst Milhollen, Milton Kaplan, and Hulen Stuart. The running captions and chapter introductions have been edited by David Donald.

FAIR TRIAL: Fourteen Who Stood Accused from Anne Hutchinson to Alger Hiss. By Richard B. Morris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
Accounts of fourteen American trials in which justice may have miscarried.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: The Apprenticeship. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.
Roosevelt's life from his birth to his service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. First of a projected six-volume series.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. Vol. 5. By Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.
Dr. Freeman brings his detailed biography up to the close of the Revolutionary War.

HEAR THE TRAIN BLOW. By Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12.75.
A picture-and-text history of American railroads.

IMPRESSIONS OF LINCOLN AND THE CIVIL WAR. By Count de Chambrun. New York: Random House. $2.75.
First publication of the letters of a prominent Frenchman offering eyewitness impressions of the leading figures and events of our Civil War.

THE KATY RAILROAD AND THE LAST FRONTIER. By V. V. Masterson. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $4.
A history of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad.

THE LAST RESORTS. By Cleveland Amory. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.
A witty and gossipy history of Newport, Bar Harbor, Palm Beach, and other playgrounds of the rich.

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By John Tebbel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.
A gossipy biography.

LINCOLN: A PICTURE STORY OF HIS LIFE. By Stefan Lorant. New York: Harper & Bros. $6.
Five hundred pictures and 100,000 words of text to tell the story.

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL. Vol. III. By Kenneth P. Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50.
A detailed account of Grant's first year of command of the war in the West, ending on the eve of Vicksburg.

THE LOST DISCOVERY. By Frederick J. Pohl. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75.
An analysis of the evidence of Viking landings and settlement in North America before Columbus.

MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER: The Great Depression 1929-1941. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
Latest volume in the former President's autobiography.

MID-STREAM, LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT. By James G. Randall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.
Newest in a many-volumed study of the Civil War President by one of the leading living authorities.

A MIRROR FOR AMERICANS. Compiled and edited by Warren S. Tryon. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $14.50.
Life and manners in the United States 1790-1870 as recorded by American travelers.

THE MUSTANGS. By J. Frank Dobie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.
A book about the wild horses, Indians, and

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horse-thieves who roamed the plains of the Old West.

OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION. By William Bradford. Edited by Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.
A new and handsome edition of Governor Bradford's journal, giving an account of life in the New England colony from 1621 to 1656.

PATTERN FOR LIBERTY. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $7.50.
The story of Old Philadelphia in text and color pictures.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN SPORTS. By John Durant and Otto Bettmann. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $10.

RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY. By Eric Goldman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
A history of the third parties and reform movements which led to the social reforms of the New and Fair Deals.

SATAN'S PARADISE. By Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
Life in the early days of the Far West by a lady who participated in some of it.

SOUTH OF FREEDOM. By Carl T. Rowan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.
A Negro reporter for a Minneapolis newspaper revisits his native South and reports what he encountered there.

SPINDLETOP. By James A. Clark and Michael T. Halbouty. New York: Random House. $3.95.
An account of the early days of the oil industry in the vicinity of Beaumont, Texas.

STRANGE EMPIRE: A Narrative of the Northwest. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. New York: William Morrow & Co. $6.
The story of an independent Indian state set up in defiance of the Canadian Government for a dramatic ten months in 1870.

THIS IS CHICAGO. By Albert Halper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5.
A large and varied anthology of writing about Chicago.

TURBULENT ERA: A Diplomatic History of Forty Years, 1904-1945. By Joseph C. Grew. Edited by Walter Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Two vols. $15.
The memoirs of a leading American career diplomat.

THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION. By Christopher Ward. New York: The Macmillan Co. $15.
An extensive military history of our War of Independence.

WILLKIE. By Joseph Barnes. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5.
A biography of the 1940 Republican Presidential nominee.

Contemporary Problems

ANATOMY OF A SATELLITE. By Dana Adams Schmidt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.
Life in Russian-controlled Czechoslovakia described by the former Prague correspondent of the *New York Times*.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MAN. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
An analysis of international relations from the days of the Pharaohs and the Caesars, with a plea for world government.

A DECLARATION OF FAITH. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
A statement of faith for Americans at midcentury by a distinguished historian and publicist.

ETHICS IN GOVERNMENT. By Paul H. Douglas. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $2.25.
An essay by the Democratic Senator from Illinois.

THE FOLKS AT HOME. By Margaret Halsey. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.
A forty-two-year-old woman with a four-year-old daughter takes a sharp look at the present-day world.

THE HERBLOCK BOOK. By Herbert Block. Boston: Beacon Press. $2.75.
Cartoons and text on contemporary affairs by the *Washington Post's* cartoonist.

HONGKONG: The Island Between. By Christopher Rand. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Reports on an international trouble spot by a *New Yorker* contributor.

IN ONE EAR. By Eric Sevareid. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95.
Talks on current affairs by the well-known commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

ISOLATION AND ALLIANCES. By Walter Lippmann. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
A new analysis of foreign policy by the well-known journalist and publicist.

THE KOREA STORY. By John C. Caldwell and Lesley Frost. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3.
An account of the events leading up to the Korean War by a member of a missionary family who was a businessman in Korea.

KOREAN TALES. By Melvin B. Voorhees. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.
Sketches of life on the Korean front by a former newspaperman attached to the Eighth U. S. Army in Korea.

MIDCENTURY JOURNEY. By William L. Shirer. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50.
A leading foreign correspondent takes a look at Europe just a quarter of a century after his first visit.

MORALITY IN AMERICAN POLITICS. By George A. Graham. New York: Random House. $3.50.
A discussion of corruption and moral standards by a Princeton political scientist.

NO SECRET IS SAFE. By Father Mark Tennien. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50.
A Maryknoll priest describes life under Communist rule as he observed it in China from 1949 to 1951.

THE SKIN. By Curzio Malaparte. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.
A disturbing picture of Italy at the time of its liberation by the American army.

SWORD AND SWASTIKA. By Telford Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5.
A history of the intrigue and politics of the German and Nazi high command between 1918 and 1940.

THE TAMING OF NATIONS: A Study of the Cultural Bases of International Policy. By F. S. C. Northrup. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
A plea for international and intercultural cooperation and especially for better understanding of the East by the West.

UNITED NATIONS AND WORLD COMMUNITY. By A. H. Feller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.
An appraisal of the work and opportunities of the United Nations by the general counsel of the organization.

Belles-Lettres

ARROW IN THE BLUE. By Arthur Koestler. New York: Macmillan Co. $5.
This first panel of the autobiography of the author of "Darkness at Noon" tells of his boyhood in a middle-class Hungarian family, his years as an itinerant journalist and Berlin editor, and closes when he joints the Communist Party.

AS THEY APPEAR. By John Mason Brown. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50.
Essays on drama, literature, and personal matters which have appeared in *SR's* "Seeing Things."

BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: Their Correspondence. Edited by Alan Dent. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
The first publication of a famous interchange of letters that covered the years 1899 to 1939.

A CENTURY OF THE ESSAY. Edited by David Daiches. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.
An anthology of essays by thirty-eight British and American writers, including Virginia Woolf, George Orwell, T. S. Eliot, Edmund Wilson, James Thurber, and others.

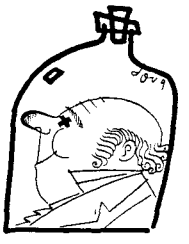
THE DAYS BEFORE. By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.
Essays on a variety of subjects—writers, rose growing, love and marriage, houses—written over some thirty years by a distinguished writer of fiction.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. By Dorothy Hewlett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.
Full-length, scholarly biography.

FROM MAIN STREET TO STOCKHOLM: Letters of Sinclair Lewis. Edited by Harrison Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.
A collection of letters written to his publishers which throws considerable light on the novelist's life and development as an artist.

THE HEART OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Edgar Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6.
The letters of Charles Dickens to Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts, a wealthy spinster, over a period of thirty years, revealing a little-known side of the novelist.

Your Literary I.Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOUGHTY DICKENSIAN DRINKERS

Howard R. Garis of Amherst, Massachusetts, asks you to identify ten characters of varying degrees of alcoholic addiction in as many of the novels of Charles Dickens. Allowing a score of five points for naming the character and another five for naming the book, a score of sixty is par, seventy is good, and eighty or better excellent. Answers on page 43.

1. Who provided the inmates of a debtors' prison with "quarts of double stout and pints of wine"?
2. Who administered cowslip wine through a quill to a youthful teller of tales at nightly sessions in a school dormitory?
3. Who drank so much cold punch that he fell asleep and was taken to the pound in a wheelbarrow?
4. Who drank boiling rum from a saucepan?
5. Who liked her ale "drawed mild," and asked that a bottle of something stronger be left on the mantel?
6. Who insisted on a footless glass from which to drink sherry?
7. Who brought wine to a blacksmith's wife and then dispensed it to a sergeant of soldiers who was hunting escaped convicts?
8. What pair of attorneys, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, drank enough "to float a King's ship"?
9. Who drank so unwisely in a cathedral crypt that he slept heavily and gave opportunity for a murderer to perfect his plans?
10. Who drank the Lord Chancellor's eighteenpenny gin and went up in smoke and soot?

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HEMINGWAY: THE WRITER AS ARTIST. By Carlos Baker. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $4.50.
A careful, critical study.

HUGH WALPOLE. By Rupert Hart-Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
A biography of the British novelist so popular in the Twenties.

J. P. MARQUAND ESQUIRE. By Philip Hamburger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.
The "profile" of the leading novelist that appeared in three parts in *The New Yorker.*

JAPANESE THEATRE. By Faubion Bowers. New York: Hermitage House. $5.
A history and evaluation of the Japanese theatre, attractively illustrated.

LANGUAGE AS GESTURE. By R. P. Blackmur. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.75.
Essays on poets and poetry.

THE LETTERS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. Edited by Allan Ross MacDougall. New York: Harper & Bros. $5.
Letters to family, friends, and publishers by the distinguished poet, revealing much about herself and her work.

THE LETTERS OF HART CRANE. Edited by Brom Weber. New York: Hermitage House. $5.
Letters of an American poet who attracted considerable attention in the Twenties.

MADELEINE. By André Gide. Translated by Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Gide's "letter"to his dead wife, explaining their relationship from childhood to her death. Published in France as "Et Nunc Manet in Te."

NO, BUT I SAW THE MOVIE. By Peter DeVries. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Satirical and humorous sketches from *The New Yorker.*

THE OLDEST STORIES IN THE WORLD. Edited by Theodor H. Gaster. New York: Viking Press. $5.
A collection of ancient legends which keep popping up in folklore in all ages.

PORTRAITS BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Edited by Frederick W. Hilles. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75.
Biographical sketches of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and Gibbon by the distinguished eighteenth-century portrait painter.

REPORT FROM PARADISE. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.
The full text of "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" and the text of "Letter for the Recording Angel" for the first time in book form. Both are savage satires on religious humbug and bigotry. Introduction by Dixon Wecter.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE CRITIC. By F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Oxford University Press. $5.
Collected essays and reviews about writers and the art of writing.

ROSE AND CROWN. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.75.
The fifth in the autobiographical series by the well-known Irish playwright. This covers his first English years.

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL. By Dixon Wecter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.
An exhaustive study of Mark Twain's eighteen boyhood years in Hannibal, Mo., and their influence on his later career.

SELECTED PROSE OF BERNARD SHAW. Edited by Diarmuid Russell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $6.50.
More than 1,000 pages of music and drama criticism, biography, essays on Socialism, fiction, etc.

THE SHAPE OF SUNDAY. By Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.
A portrait of the popular novelist Lloyd C. Douglas, by his daughters.

THE SHORES OF LIGHT. By Edmund Wilson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $6.50.
A collection of reviews, essays, and miscellaneous pieces that provides "a literary chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties."

STEPHEN CRANE: An Omnibus. Edited by Robert Wooster Stallman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
Contains probably the best of Crane's prose plus a few poems. The critical commentary is illuminating.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH. By Mario Pei. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
A highly readable account of the development of our native tongue from Norman times to the present.

THE THREAD OF LAUGHTER. By Louis Kronenberger. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.
Essays on the great English comic dramatists by a well-known critic.

THE THURBER ALBUM. By James Thurber. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
Sketches about the author's boyhood in Columbus, Ohio.

USHANT. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.50.
The autobiography of one of the leading living American poets.

Philosophy & Religion

THE COURAGE TO BE. By Paul Tillich. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3.
An analysis of the courage necessary to conquer anxiety by a distinguished theologian.

THE ERRORS OF PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Sebastian de Grazia. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
An attack on psychological and religious healing as practised today.

A FAITH FOR TOUGH TIMES. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.
A consideration of the role of spiritual values in an age when power is generally considered paramount.

GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD AND THE GREAT IDEAS. Edited by Robert Maynard Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler. Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica. 54 vols. $249.50.

THE GREAT ENTERPRISE. By H. A. Overstreet. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50.
The author of "The Mature Mind" demonstrates that each person exists as part of a community, not as an individual, and suggests what we should do about it.

HOLY BIBLE: REVISED STANDARD EDITION. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. $6.
A new edition based on the latest scholarship.

THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX. Edited by John Nickalls. New York: Cambridge University Press. $4.50.
A new edition of the classic journal of the great Quaker leader.

THE LORE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Joseph Gaer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.
Chronologically arranged selections from the stories about Jesus to present Him as He appeared in the popular imagination.

THE NEED FOR ROOTS. By Simone Weil. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.
An exposition of a "religion for moderns" by a French spiritual philosopher who died during the war.

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING. By Norman Vincent Peale. New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.95.
Inspirational essays on how to build confidence and use it in every-day living.

RELIGION AND THE MODERN MIND. By W. T. Stace. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75.
A distinguished American philosopher discusses the problem of reconciling religious belief with latter-day scientific discoveries.

SAINTS FOR NOW. Edited by Clare Boothe Luce. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.50.
A number of Roman Catholic laymen, most of them writers, discuss the saint they consider most important for the present-day world.

STRANGE ALTARS. By Marcus Bach. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.
A study of voodooism as practised in Haiti by a specialist on comparative religions.

Science & Nature

ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER. Edited by Cornelius Ryan. New York: Viking Press. $3.95.
Detailed, realistic explanations as to how we may be able to build a space-station 1,075 miles above the earth by a group of prominent space-exploration experts. Handsomely illustrated.

ANTOINE LAVOISIER. By Douglas McKie. New York: Henry Schuman. $6.
A careful biography of the French scientist, guillotined during the Reign of Terror, who has been called "the father of modern chemistry."

BRAIN SURGEON. By Dr. William Sharpe. New York: Viking Press. $3.75.
The autobiography of a surgeon who studied under Harvey Cushing, practised in China, and is now active in New York City.

DARWIN: Competition and Cooperation. By Ashley Montagu. New York: Henry Schuman. $2.50.
A discussion of the origin of Darwin's ideas and a critique of them in the light of present-day knowledge.

GREEN TREASURY. Edited by Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.
An anthology of writing about the sea, land, sky, and all nature, by such writers as Izaak Walton, W. H. Hudson, and Henry Thoreau.

HAMMOND'S NATURE ATLAS OF AMERICA. By E. L. Jordan. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. $7.50.
A new standard work of reference.

JOURNEY INTO WONDER. By N. J. Berrill. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.
A marine biologist recounts man's adventures into worlds of wonder, from Columbus and Galileo to Darwin and the modern scientist-naturalists.

LEONARDO DA VINCI ON THE HUMAN BODY. Edited and translated by Charles D. O'Malley and J. B. de C. M. Saunders. New York: Henry Schuman. $25.
The anatomical, physiological, and embryological drawings of the great artist-scientist handsomely reproduced.

THE OCEAN RIVER. By Henry Chapin and F. G. Walton Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.
The influence of the Atlantic Gulf Stream on the history of the Western world.

PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION. By Robert Lindner. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.
A denunciation of many of the practices of psychology and analysis by a man who is himself a psychoanalyst.

THE SKY AND THE SAILOR. By Harold Augustin Calahan. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.
A history of celestial navigation.

SPORTSMAN'S COUNTRY. By Donald C. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.
Random pieces on the haunts of the sportsman written in Peattie's charmingly poetic style.

THE STORY OF TREES. By Ferdinand C. Lane. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5.
A compendium of arboreal lore.

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SUN, MOON AND PLANETS. By Roy K. Marshall. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.
An elementary account of astronomy by a successful science popularizer.

Humor

THE BEST CARTOONS FROM PUNCH. *Edited by Marvin Rosenberg and William Cole. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.
Discussed in Robert Halsband's article in this issue.

THE BEST HUMOR ANNUAL. Edited by Louis Untermeyer and Ralph Shikes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.95.
An anthology of short pieces of recent vintage, including the work of such old favorites as Frank Sullivan, S. J. Perelman, Ludwig Bemelmans, and James Thurber.

COME AS YOU ARE. By Abner Dean. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.
Discussed in Robert Halsband's article in this issue.

GOOD FOR A LAUGH. Edited by Bennett Cerf. New York: Hanover House. $2.
A collection of anecdotes, jokes, and gags by the conductor of TRADE WINDS.

HELD'S ANGELS. Text by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95.
Discussed in Robert Halsband's article in this issue.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. By Shepard Mead. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.95.
Tongue-in-cheek advice.

I GO POGO. By Walt Kelly. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.
Adventures of the cartoon character.

THE ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD. By S. J. Perelman. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.95.
A collection of spoofing sketches on a variety of topics including old favorites reread, advertising, home life, and Louella Parsons and Fleur Cowles.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 495

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 495 will be found in the next issue.

PONMLPK, JMHG

MPFMEMFDOJK, OCG

KDZYGXNGF NL

WDPMKVTGPNK OPF

XVOKNMKGTGPNK MP NVMK

SLCJF.

OZCOVOT JMPXLJP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 494

Life makes strange bedfellows.
—E. G. BULWER-LYTTON.

ONE-UPMANSHIP. By Stephen Potter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75.
Satire on a variety of subjects by the author of "Gamesmanship."

THE WEEK-END BOOK OF HUMOR. Selected by P. G. Wodehouse and Scott Meredith. New York: Ives Washburn. $3.
Discussed in Robert Halsband's article in this issue.

Faraway Places

THE AMAZING AMAZON. By Willard Price. New York: John Day Co. $4.
A discussion of the past and the potentialities of the great river.

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS. By William O. Douglas. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
The travels of the Supreme Court justice through central Asia in 1951.

BOLAHUN: An African Adventure. By Werner Junge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.
A German physician tells how he established and operated a hospital in the Liberian jungle.

CRAZY-WHITE-MAN. By Richard Morenus. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $3.75.
An account of the six years a New York writer spent among the primitive Indians of Northern Ontario.

ETERNAL FRANCE. By Martin Hurlimann. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $7.50.
An album of beautiful photographs.

FLAMINGO HUNT. By Paul A. Zahl. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.
A scientist's adventurous search for the nesting grounds of the great roseate birds in remote Bahama island waters.

HEROIC FINLAND. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.
History, geography, and biographical sketches of the leaders of Russia's nextdoor neighbors.

HUNTER. By J. A. Hunter. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.
A veteran white hunter tells of his adventures during two decades in the service of the Kenya Game Control Department.

SECRET TIBET. By Fosco Maraini. New York: Viking Press. $6.50.
A travel book describing both the physical and spiritual features of the land.

THE SHOALS OF CAPRICORN. By F. D. Ommaney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.
Exotic areas and marine life encountered on a 20,000-mile fishing expedition in the Indian Ocean described by a professor of zoology.

SMITH'S LONDON JOURNAL. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75.
A visit to Britain by an American humorist told somewhat in the style of James Boswell.

WE CHOSE THE ISLANDS. By Sir Arthur Grimble. New York: William Morrow & Co. $5.
An account of six years spent by the author and his bride in the Gilbert Islands.

WINTER IN LONDON. By Ivor Brown. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
Discursive talk about London streets and sights by a well-known English critic.

History

AERO-NAUTICS AT THE MID-CENTURY. By Jerome C. Hunsaker. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3.
The economic, social, and political implications of air power over the past fifty years.

THE AGE OF PARADOX. By John W. Dodds. New York: Rinehart & Co. $6.
A history of England from 1841 to 1851.

BOLIVAR. By Salvador de Madariaga. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. $10.
A biography of the Latin American hero.

THE DEVILS OF LOUDUN. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.
A study of a wave of scandalous behavior that overtook a Loudun convent during the seventeenth century.

THE ELIZABETHAN WOMAN. By Carroll Camden. Houston, Texas: Elsevier Press. $4.50.
A study of the place of woman in the England of Elizabeth I.

THE GREAT FRONTIER. By Walter Prescott Webb. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.
An interpretation of history in the light of "booms" by the author of "The Great Plains."

MAHATMA GANDHI. By Haridas T. Mazumdar. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
An exposition of the philosophy and life of the Indian leader.

IDEAS OF THE GREAT ECONOMISTS. By George Soule. New York: Viking Press. $3.50.
A brief and reasonably lucid exposition of economic theory from Plato through Keynes.

THE SHORTER CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. By C. W. Previté-Orton. New York: Cambridge University Press. Two vols. $12.50.

Cooking

COAST TO COAST COOKERY. By America's Newspaper Food Editors. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $3.95.
More than 100 newspaper food editors contribute favorite recipes from 42 regions.

ELSIE'S COOK BOOK. By Harry Botsford. New York: Bond Wheelwright Co. Cloth, $3. *Paper,* $1.
Fine kitchen-tested recipes that make much use of canned products, ready mixes, and of course the milk and cheese produced by the sponsor.

FRENCH COUNTRY COOKING. By Elizabeth David. New York: Horizon Press. $2.95.
Contains a number of local traditionals rarely seen in print.

HOUSE OF CHAN COOK BOOK. By Sou Chan. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50.
A large selection of dishes that are comparatively easy to prepare with foods and equipment available in America.

PARIS CUISINE. By James A. Beard and Alexander Watt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5.
Two hundred specialties of sixty celebrated Paris restaurants. The restaurants are duly described and the volume is garnished with flavorful sketches.

WHAT'S COOKING IN FRANCE. By Louise Bertholle, Simon Beck, and Helmut Ripperberger. New York: Ives Washburn. $1.25.
Recipes for bourgeois sustenance readily translatable to the American home table.

Lively Arts

OUT OF THE BLUE. By John Crosby. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.
A collection of the essays of the most widely read columnist on radio and television.

PICTURE. By Lillian Ross. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50.
An account of the making of the film "The Red Badge of Courage." Previously published, in a shorter form, in *The New Yorker.*

SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN. By Marie Seton. New York: A. A. Wyn. $8.50.
A biography of the great pioneer artist in the film.

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS 1917-1952. By Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.
A representative selection of thirty-five years' work of one of the leading living American poets.

THE COMPLETE POEMS AND PLAYS. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6.
Both plays ("The Family Reunion" and "The Cocktail Party") and all the poetry.

THE FIRST MORNING. By Peter Viereck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
A new collection of verse by the Pulitzer Prize winner.

IN COUNTRY SLEEP AND OTHER POEMS. By Dylan Thomas. New York: New Directions. $2.
Old and new verses by the Welsh poet.

KENTUCKY IS MY LAND. By Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75.
Homespun verse by the author of "Man with a Bull Tongue Plow."

A LITTLE TREASURY OF WORLD POETRY. Edited by Hubert Creekmore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.
A handy, attractive anthology.

Personal History

ANNE FRANK: The Diary of a Young Girl. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
The diary of an extraordinarily gifted twelve-year-old Jewish girl hiding out in an Amsterdam warehouse with her family during the Nazi occupation.

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FLEET ADMIRAL KING. By Ernest J. King and Walter Muir Whitehill. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $6.75.
The memoirs of the wartime Chief of Naval Operations and Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet.

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD. By Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.
The autobiography of the daughter of the William K. Vanderbilts who married the Duke of Marlborough during the Age of Elegance.

KAREN. By Marie Killilea. New York: Prentice-Hall. $2.95.
The mother of a child stricken with cerebral palsy reports on their successful bout with the disease.

LYING IN STATE. By Stanton Griffis. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.75.
A good-humored biography of a business man who became our ambassador to Poland, Egypt, Argentina, and Spain.

MY ISLAND HOME. The Autobiography of James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.
An Iowa boy who went to the South Seas and wrote such books as "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "The Far Lands."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By F. M. Thompson. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.
A new and quite readable biography by a British authority.

ONE SKY TO SHARE. By Father R. L. Bruckberger. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.
A memoir by a French priest who was a leader in the resistance during the Nazi occupation.

PIONEER'S PROGRESS. By Alvin Johnson. New York: Viking Press. $5.
An autobiography of the founder of New York's New School for Social Research.

POSTMARKED MOSCOW. By Lydia Kirk. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
Life in the Russian capital as seen by the wife of a former American ambassador.

RUMOR AND REFLECTION. By Bernard Berenson. New York: Simon & Schuster. $6.
The diary of the noted art historian for the period between the end of Mussolini's reign and the start of the Allied Occupation.

TALLULAH. By Tallulah Bankhead. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.95.
The autobiography of the spectacular star of stage, films, and radio, told with characteristic verve and freshness.

WITNESS. By Whittaker Chambers. New York: Random House. $5.
The former Communist and *Time* editor tells the story of his life, including his association with Alger Hiss.

THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN VICTORIA. By Dormer Creston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.
The girlhood of the nineteenth-century British monarchy told with authority and literary skill.

Miscellaneous

AMY VANDERBILT'S COMPLETE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. By Amy Vanderbilt. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5.
A new and thorough guide to *comme il faut.*

CHRISTMAS EVE. By Alistair Cooke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.
Discussed in Robert Halsband's article in this issue.

CHRISTMAS GIFT. By Margaret Cousins. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50.
A collection of stories, suitably sentimental for Christmas giving and reading.

DOG IN THE SKY. By Norman Corwin. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.95.
A fantasy about a boy and his dog, an expansion of a well-received 1941 radio broadcast.

FLAIR ANNUAL 1953. Edited by Fleur Cowles. New York: Random House. $10.
See Robert Halsband's article.

THE PLOT TO OVERTHROW CHRISTMAS. By Norman Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
A playlet in rhyme published in a form suitable for inexpensive Christmas giving.

POOR CEDRIC'S ALMANAC. By Cedric Adams. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.
See Robert Halsband's article.

THE SATURDAY BOOK. Edited by John Hatfield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.
Short stories, essays, poetry in this twelfth issue of a gift annual from Britain.

SPORT CARS OF THE WORLD. By Ralph Stein. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.
Definitions, descriptions, and performance records of the principal British, French, Italian, German, and American cars.

YEAR 1952. Los Angeles: Year, Inc. $6.95.
See Robert Halsband's article.

Detective Stories

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT. By Erle Stanley Gardner. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50.
A factual account of the work done by the Court of Last Resort, an organization of volunteers which investigates the cases of persons believed to have been wrongly convicted or imprisoned.

THE FREE AGENT. By Paul Murray. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.95.
Yank travel writer collides with munitions racket in Italy.

LAST SEEN WEARING. By Hillary Waugh. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50.
A Massachusetts college girl vanishes.

ROSE'S LAST SUMMER. By Margaret Millar. New York: Random House. $2.50.
A faded movie star disappears from a California boarding-house.

TRIPLE JEOPARDY. By Rex Stout. New York: Viking Press. $2.50.
Nero Wolfe involved with Communists, barbers, and comic-strippers in this trio of novelettes.

UNFAIR COMMENT UPON SOME VICTORIAN MURDER TRIALS. By Jack Smith-Hughes. New York: British Book Centre. $4.50.
Seven British capital cases of the 1880's reviewed by a legal authority.

Music

DANCE TO THE PIPER. By Agnes de Mille. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.
The absorbing, well-written biography of a distinguished American dancer.

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF FAVORITE AMERICAN SONGS. Edited by Margaret Bradford Boni. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5.
Words and music of 131 songs in an attractive format.

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN BOOK. By Leslie Baily. New York: British Book Centre. $9.
Detailed, authoritative biographies, histories of the operettas, their origins and productions, contemporary criticisms and reviews—everything that the most devoted Savoyard can want.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. By Paul Hindemith. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.
In this essay the distinguished Bach scholar offers a condensed and illuminating account of the musician's accomplishments.

MUSIC AND MAESTROS. By John K. Sherman. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. $3.75.
A history of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

PLEASURES OF MUSIC. Edited by Jacques Barzun. New York: Viking Press. $5.
A fine anthology of memorable writing about musicians and music.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC AND SOUND REPRODUCTION. By Irving Kolodin, Edward Tatnall Canby, and C. G. Burke. New York: Prentice-Hall. $4.50.
A guidebook to the new world of "hi-fi," which attempts to reconcile the extreme, contradictory attitudes of its contemporary fans.

TEN OPERATIC MASTERPIECES. Text by Olin Downes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.
The major arias, with commentary, from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Tales of Hoffman," "Die Meistersinger," "Aida," "Carmen," "Bohéme," "Tosca," "Rosenkavalier," "Love of Three Oranges," and "Wozzeck."

Art

AFRICAN SCULPTURE SPEAKS. By Ladislas Segy. New York: A. A. Wyn. $7.50.
A study of West African primitive art embellished by half-tone reproductions of more than 250 examples.

ART NEWS ANNUAL. New York: Simon & Schuster. $3.50.
This year's issue contains an article on Rembrandt, and sections on Malraux, Les Fauves, modern sculpture, and art news.

ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN. Selected by the Curatorial Staff. New York: Harry N. Abrams. $12.50.
Eighty-six paintings and 44 objects of art reproduced mostly in color, with descriptive comment by members of the staff of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CLASSIC ART: By Heinrich Wolfflin. New York: Phaidon Publishers. $6.50.
The first English-language publication of a classic German work on Italian Renaissance art. Richly illustrated.

CEZANNE. Text by Meyer Schapiro. New York: Harry N. Abrams. $12.50.
Fifty full-page full-color reproductions.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT. Photography by Henri Cartier-Bresson. New York: Simon & Schuster. $12.50.
A handsome collection of 128 photographs taken by one of the leading living photographers.

ETRUSCAN PAINTING. Text By Massimo Pallottino. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Skira. $12.50.
A pioneering work on the subject with many reproductions in full color.

GREAT PAINTINGS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART. Edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker. New York: Macmillan Co. $15.
Eighty-five reproductions in full color.

ITALIAN PAINTING FROM CARAVAGGIO TO MODIGLIANI. Text by Lionello Venturi and Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Skira. $17.50.
The radical changes that overtook representational art during this period set forth in text and many full-color reproductions.

PAUL KLEE. By Carola Giedion Welcker. New York: Viking Press. $7.50.
The work of one of the major painters of our time presented and analyzed in text and through 180 reproductions, thirteen of them in color.

SPANISH PAINTING FROM VELAZQUEZ TO PICASSO. Text by Jacques Lassaigne. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Skira. $17.50.
An essay by a French authority embellished with handsome reproductions in full color.

U.S. CAMERA 1953. Edited by Tom Maloney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.
The latest edition of this annual of photography features the work of four Frenchmen.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Pancks in "Little Dorrit." 2. James Steerforth in "David Copperfield." 3. Samuel Pickwick in "The Pickwick Papers." 4. Daniel Quilp in "The Old Curiosity Shop." 5. Sarah Gamp in "Martin Chuzzlewit." 6. Roger Riderhood in "Our Mutual Friend." 7. Uncle Pumblechook in "Great Expectations." 8. Sydney Carton and Mr. Stryver in "A Tale of Two Cities." 9. Durdles in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." 10. Krook in "Bleak House."

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

CHRISTMAS, 1952.

HAVE you seen a Child
the color of earth, the color of thorn?
His eyes are sad,
His hands are those of the poor,
as poor He was born.
Incense, myrrh, and gold
we bring to His side,
and the Eastern star is our guide.

* *

The Child we seek holds the seas
and the winds on His palm.
The Child we seek has the moon
and the stars at His feet
Before Him the eagle is gentle,
the lion is meek.
Choirs of angels hover over His roof
and sing Him to sleep.
He's warmed by breath,
He's fed by Mother
who is both Virgin and Queen.
Incense, myrrh, and gold
we bring to His side,
and the Eastern star is our guide.

IN THE book reviewed below it is in these words that the three Wise Men describe the Christ Child to Amahl's mother. It is a book to share, a book that will appeal alike to young and old. For a tired and perplexed world it pictures the true spirit of Christmas. We hope that it will go from the cities to the most remote corners of America. And to all the boys and girls of America, and to their fathers and mothers, we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Peaceful New Year. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS. By Gian-Carlo Menotti. Narrative adaptation by Frances Frost. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Whittlesey House. 89 *pp.* $2.75.

There are many reasons why this is one of the important books of the year. Televised, Menotti's opera brought from critics and public alike the highest praise. As Irving Kolodin said in *The Saturday Review*, "Menotti has added something durable to the lore of Christmas and NBC has been rewarded with no morning glory, but a perennial." Roger Duvoisin has brought to the story an art as robust, as touched with humor and realism as the dialogue. And Frances Frost has woven that dialogue together with a narration that has both beauty and dignity. The story and the illustrations will undoubtedly appeal to a very wide age-range. When the three Kings come at night to the poverty-stricken little house where Amahl and his mother live, we see them just as Menotti must have imagined them: Melchior, "the tall King with sweet blue eyes and a long white beard"; Baltazar, "tall but dark-bearded and he wore robes of gold and scarlet and leopard skin"; Kaspar, "whose robes were rich but did not fit him very well, and his crown was askew on his head as if he had just slapped it on any old way. His shoes didn't match either—one was gold and the other was purple." There is humor in Kaspar's words when he offers the contents of his coffer to Amahl, and pathos in the scene when Amahl's mother takes the gold from Melchior. There is rhythmic beauty of wording when the three Kings describe the Christ Child. The book is a lovely Christmas gift for a child or for a family.

MAGGIE ROSE: Her Birthday Christmas. By Ruth Sawyer. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. New York: The Viking Press. 151 *pp.* $2.

Format and illustrations are just exactly right for this appealing, satisfying story of Maggie Rose, third child in a poverty-stricken family living in a dilapidated old house near Hancock Point on the Maine coast. The Bunkers undoubtedly were shiftless. They lacked ambition—all except Maggie Rose. But they were warm-blooded, deeply loyal to one another, possessed of the instinctive good manners that are based on kind hearts. Somehow, they managed to keep well and happy, and they all adored Maggie Rose. But Maggie Rose wanted even more than their adoration. She wanted, for them all, order and cleanliness and gracious living. So, on Midsummer's Eve, she carefully planned a party to be given by the Bunker family on her birthday-Christmas, which was Christmas Eve. The story tells how that plan was carried out. Maggie Rose had to face discouragement and even tragedy before the great event was to take place. But it was the loveliest party that ever was anywhere. Behind the story and the gallant little figure of Maggie Rose is an intimate knowledge of Maine, its people, and the beauty of the Maine coast. The drawings are charming.

THE BIGGEST BEAR. By Lynd Ward. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 85 *pp.* $2.75.

There are strength and humor and beauty of design in the black-and-white drawings that Lynd Ward has made for his first story. It is a simple, factual story of Johnny and the baby bear that he found in the forest and brought home. Johnny did not realize that the baby bear would grow into "the biggest bear" that had ever been seen at the zoo. The very first drawing of Johnny makes him the most endearing of heroes. Here he stands, his hands in his pockets, his gun under one arm, a broad grin on his extremely attractive face. The bear as a baby is irresistible and, as he grows, he takes on that curious awkward strength, the clumsy power that characterizes the frightening bears of our Northern woods. But Johnny, obviously, is not frightened. He is mad because the bear will not stay in the forest but insists upon coming back to the farm. He looks very small as he escorts the bear, for the fourth or fifth time, away from the farm—but he looks as calm as a May morning. Little boys and girls are sure to approve of Johnny. Lynd Ward's pictures will meet the approval of a much wider audience.

PETUNIA'S CHRISTMAS. Written and Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. No paging $2.

This is the third chronicle of Petunia the Goose and, in it, she falls in

—By Lynd Ward from "The Biggest Bear."

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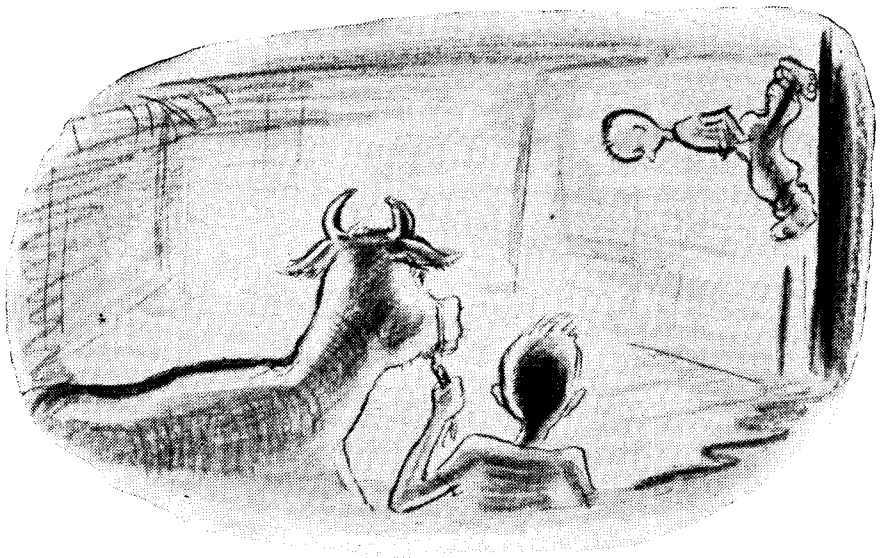
love. The object of her affection, a large and dignified gander, is being fattened by a neighboring farmer for the Christmas dinner. Petunia determines to save him—which she does in a highly original way. There are many very amusing drawings of Petunia selling Christmas wreaths and Christmas-tree decorations, slowly earning the seventy-five cents a pound that the farmers are asking for roasting geese this season.

THE SPACE SHIP UNDER THE APPLE TREE. By Louis Slodbodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 116 *pp.* $2.50.

The younger members of the family will not be especially surprised when they learn, through this book, that Eddie discovered a strange space ship, an "astral rocket," under an apple tree in his grandfather's orchard. The tiny scientist from "Martinea" who was in control of it was a bit unusual. He was so very advanced in his science and his knowledge of gadgets, so superior, so sure of himself. However, when he lost the tiny "Z machine" that supplied the power for his space ship, his whole attitude changed. Day after day, as he and Eddie searched for the little spool of wire, his dependence on Eddie grew. "Marty," as they learned to call him, became a Boy Scout and a popular member of Eddie's particular set. He made Eddie nervous when he used his miraculous gadgets to win competitions, but he was clever and inventive, if a bit queer. Finally the day came when the scientists on Martinea recharged the astral rocket, the little Z spool was found, and Marty could go back to his native star. He and Eddie parted with regret. Eddie gave him his old school books so that he could read about life on earth. All this, as well as the delightfully funny drawings, will be accepted with joy by younger boys and girls. It is their own science-fiction.

FAMILY GRANDSTAND. By Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by Jean Macdonald Porter. New York: The Viking Press. 208 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an unusually good book for the holidays—one to read aloud to the whole family at Christmas time. The Ridgeway family lived in a college town. Professor Ridgeway was on the faculty; Mrs. Ridgeway wrote mystery stories, was a marvelous cook, and possessed a lively sense of humor. Susan Ridgeway, who was twelve, had more than her share of charm and common sense. George, who was nine, loved and understood all animals, birds, and insects. Dumpling, who was six, was the most interesting of them all. A highly original child, she was regarded with great respect by the family. Their common hero was Tommy Tokarynski, called Tommy Tucker for short, who was the star player on the football team and was in a state of near-despair over his chemistry examinations. The things that happen to the Ridgeways might happen anywhere to any family, but by the time you have read a chapter or two you are so fond of the Ridgeways, so concerned in their affairs, that everything seems of vital importance. To share their adventures is the very nicest kind of a Christmas present.



—By Louis Slodbodkin from "The Space Ship Under The Apple Tree."

A MONTH OF CHRISTMASES. By Siddie Joe Johnson. Illustrated by Henrietta Jones Moon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 132 *pp.* $2.50.

Milla and John both had birthdays in the month of December, although they were not twins. It was a custom in the family to spend the Christmas month with Uncle Karl and Aunt Katrin, who lived in a little town in Texas that had been settled by Germans long ago. To Milla and John it was a strange, rewarding time. Magic took them back into the days when the first settlers came to America, bringing with them the Christmas customs, the Christmas goodies, and the old legend of Saint Nicholas. Uncle Karl's little house was a happy place. There is a drawing of it and of John, Milla, and the early settlers.

MAYBELLE THE CABLE CAR. By Virginia Lee Burton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 42 *pp.* $2.75.

We regret that this picture book came too late to be reviewed with "Nellie" and the other gay picture books in the Book Week number. Maybelle is a jaunty little cable car that carries people up and down the steep hills of San Francisco. Not so very long ago the city fathers announced that cable cars were out-of-date. Buses must be provided for the San Francisco hills. The citizens revolted. They wanted Maybelle. They got up petitions and parades. They held meetings. On Election Day it was put to the popular vote—and Maybelle won. This story of something that could only have happened in an American city, and perhaps in San Francisco, is illustrated with fascinating drawings in soft, pastel colors, of the streets, the hills, the bridges, the waterfront, and the people of San Francisco. We especially admire the drawing of the citizens carrying the huge petition into the City Hall. Little boys and girls will spend many happy hours following the story of Maybelle and the good people of San Francisco.

ONE MAGIC NIGHT. A Story from the Zoo. By Marlin Perkins and Peggy Tibma. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. No paging. $1.50.

This picture book grew out of a television program produced by the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago. It is the story of a little donkey who, in that one hour on Christmas Eve when animals have the gift of speech, became the heroine of the zoo—because it was a donkey who saw the birth of the Christ Child and carried the Child and His mother into Egypt. In this case the heroine of the story is a *real* donkey. Furlanute, or Furlinetta as the Chicago children call her, was sent to the Lincoln Park Zoo as a gift from the children of the Udine district in Italy. They are very fond of her. The illustrations of Furlinetta and the other animals are in color and the zoo as a whole is shown on the attractive end-papers.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

ANIMATION: ABSTRACT & CONCRETE

WITH animation and abstraction the announced topic for this month, what could be more timely and unexpected than the news that Walt Disney Productions has just announced its entry into the 16mm. business; that the versatile Canadian abstractionist Norman McLaren has just gone to India to teach film-making as part of a UNESCO project there; and that a relatively unknown animation "independent" named Mary Ellen Bute has had two of her short films presented during the past few months at the Radio City Music Hall, no less!

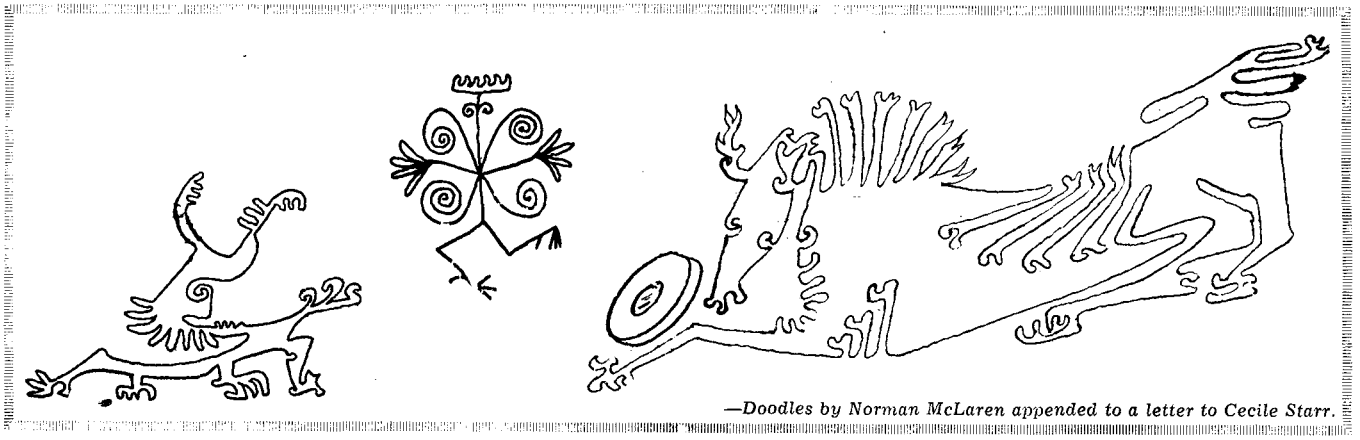
It is no surprise that animation films have been making marked inroads into the 16mm. field, which for so long prided itself on its photographic realism and its outspoken comments on reality. Times do change. People weary of one approach and must try something else. Audiences are people too. The current trend of animated and abstract 16mm. films is doubtless part of an effort to get away from literal reality, but this is by no means undesirable. It is much to be desired, mainly because it is in the nature of things. Sometimes we enjoy looking seriously at things as they are; sometimes we enjoy looking and laughing; and sometimes we enjoy just looking.

Many of the film-makers who do not have the basic animation techniques and do not care about bothering to learn them have done the next best thing by animating other people's art work. Examples can be found in serious semi-documentaries like "Lincoln Speaks at Gettysburg" and "1848"—in fine arts films like "Images Médiévales," "The Titan," and "The Loon's Necklace"—in historical scene-setters like "Mount Vernon in Virginia" and "FDR—Hyde Park"—in photographic abstractions like "Bop Scotch" and "Zigzag." How long the trend will last does not merit prediction. But already these films have begun repeating themselves, have been imitated almost beyond recognition, and have become techniques rather than films. The cycle of ups-and-downs in film-making will always be with us, for its root is in human restlessness, magnified now by modern methods of mass production and mass consumption.

Walt Disney is one great name in motion picture history who knows what it means to get bogged down in stereotypes, techniques, and imitations. But the freshness of spirit that was responsible for the early Mickey Mouse cartoons, and "Three Little Pigs," and the Silly Symphonies can be seen today in his superb nature films, "Beaver Valley," "Seal Island," and "Nature's Half Acre." Something of that same spirit must be responsible for Disney's new venture into the 16mm. field. Four technicolor shorts are announced for 16mm. release after January 1, 1953—unfortunately preview prints are not available at the time of this writing. The films are "History of Aviation," from Kitty Hawk to the present; "Behind the Scenes of Walt Disney Studio," a tour featuring Robert Benchley, which dates it quite a few years back; "The Alaskan Eskimo," a 16mm. exclusive, the first of a projected series on people and places; and "Disney Cartoon Parade #1," made up of three cartoons featuring Mickey Mouse, Pluto, and Donald Duck. All four are to be released through a number of 16mm. distributors.

Disney is not new to 16mm. audiences. Among the most popular of the wartime government productions were a series of educational subjects made for the Office of Inter-American Affairs, including "The Grain That Built a Hemisphere," "Winged Scourge," "Water, Friend or Enemy," and others, most of which are still available from non-commercial film libraries. Some generally inferior black-and-white Mickey Mouse cartoons have also been sold in camera and film stores, mainly for home audiences. Sponsored films like "How to Catch a Cold" (produced for the makers of Kleenex) and "The ABC's of Hand Tools" (produced for General Motors) have brought Disney to many other non-theatrical screens. But these have always been incidental activities, and the fact that Disney is now engaged in planned 16mm. distribution can only be taken as a sign of long-range interest in this still enigmatic field.

IF it is news that Disney is now turning out 16mm. films, then it is certainly noteworthy that a virtually unknown independent animator has had two of her "seeing sound" abstractions shown this year at the Radio City Music Hall, the largest motion picture theatre in the world. Mary Ellen Bute is an energetic painter from Texas who began making her hand-drawn films nearly twenty years ago with a short abstraction set to the strains of "Anitra's Dance." When wifely and motherly duties permitted, she concentrated on work (in her husband's commercial animation studio), and has come up with an impressive number of items. This year her "Spook Sport" and "Color Rhapsodie" were shown at the Music Hall, while a third film "Polka Graph" won mention at the Venice Film Festival. Granted that the familiar acceptability of the music (Lizst, Grieg, etc.) is a good basis for audience and theatre approval, still



—Doodles by Norman McLaren appended to a letter to Cecile Starr.

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this is no minor triumph for Miss Bute, her work, and the experimentalists who follow hopefully.

When abstract animation films are mentioned the name of Norman McLaren cannot be far behind. McLaren, unlike many others who have made experimental films a lifelong occupation, has pursued his work without being persistent and laborious. He is quick to acknowledge that he was not the "first" to put abstract picture to music or to create synthetic sound directly on film, or to do a lot of the things he often gets credit for. As part of a long list of predecessors, inspirations, and *sine qua nons* he names Cohl, Melies, Fischinger, Len Lye, Grierson, Jack Ellit, Alexeieff, Pfenniger, and perhaps a dozen others. McLaren's importance does not rest upon his historical value as an innovator, but rather upon the feeling of warmth and playfulness he has injected into all his films.

Norman McLaren began making films at art school in Scotland, with second-hand film and a borrowed camera. His independent efforts won him a place in John Grierson's GPO Film Unit in London, where he directed "live" photography films and made several animation shorts—about the London telephone directory, airmail postal services, and the like. In 1940 he came to New York and took several odd jobs, among them assisting the above-mentioned Miss Bute in putting her "Spook Sport" onto film (McLaren's name is mentioned on the credit titles), as well as creating an abstract Christmas greeting for NBC's baby television. On his own, and with the financial help of the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Art, he made several abstract color shorts, more recently released as "Stars and Stripes," "Boogie Doodle," and "Loops." Then, not a minute too soon, the National Film Board of Canada began its production program, and McLaren found what has proved to be an ideal base of operations. In Ottawa he has had an enviable amount of freedom—but freedom for McLaren does not mean retiring into an ivory tower. He has trained and set up an entire animation department for the Canadian Film Board. He has made films for popular consumption—most outstandingly an entire series of animated shorts based on Canadian folk songs. He has talked and demonstrated the technical aspects of his experiments before professional groups in the United States, Canada, and Europe. His three-dimensional abstractions were a vital part of the Telecinema show at last year's Festival of Britain, and it is planned that this program will be shown in this country as soon as a theatre can be properly

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equipped with the new sound and picture machinery. He has traveled to China to teach simplified animation and sound techniques, and right now he is in India on a similar mission. In his newest film, "Neighbors," McLaren has abandoned the drawing-board apparatus he invented and has taken up the camera again, using stop-motion techniques to show how real people would look if they looked like cartoon characters.

The influence of McLaren's busy and happy film-making career can be felt all over the map. Among his outspoken admirers are the UPA group, whose "Gerald McBoing-Boing," "Rootie-Toot-Toot," and brand-new "Madeline" have in turn made McLaren an ardent UPA fan. More one-sided is the case of the bulk of student groups and individual experimenters who show decided influence and stimulation from McLaren's work. Fortunately, no one objects to the McLarenish films that are being turned out these days—least of all McLaren himself. By the time his admirers catch up with him and attempt to pigeon-hole and thus imitate him, he is off on some new venture to the tune of "Catch me if you can!"

The McLaren works are released in this country through the National Film Board of Canada, and are offered for 16mm. rental and sale by the International Film Bureau, 57 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois. Mary Ellen Bute's "seeing sound" films are available for 16mm. rental from Ted Nemeth Studios, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. The new Disney 16mm. releases will be reviewed in these columns as soon as prints are available.

—Cecile Starr.

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CARTOON CONGLOMERATION

A PHANTASY. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and distributed by the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.* (8 *min., color*).

Norman McLaren's latest 16mm. release goes back to the pastel and cutout techniques he used in the earlier "Poulette Grise" and some of the Chants Populaires series. "Phantasy" has a touch of surrealism to add distinctiveness, and something of a message is to be discerned in the nuclear-structured white balls, the garden in the desert, and the symbolic love which it is to be hoped triumphs over all.

The musical score combines synthetic sound (McLaren's contribution) with saxophone trio (composed by Maurice Blackburn). Tenor, alto, and soprano saxophones were used, each portion recorded separately as performed by Bert Niose, and all blended into one compact and fascinating sound-track. "Phantasy" is also available in black-and-white.

MAMBO. *Produced by Jordan Belson. Distributed by Kinesis, Inc., 566 Commercial St., San Francisco 11, Calif.* (5 *min., color*).

Unlike its creator's "Bop Scotch" [*SR* Nov. 22], the substance and technique of this film cannot easily be identified. The distributor's word is that these are photographed paintings, but my impressions were that a far more complex machinery was involved in "Mambo" than in the ordinary animation film. By whatever means it was accomplished, the final product is totally diverting and attractive. The high rhythms of South American dance music accentuate the richness of the picture patterns and designs—first, chalky-looking black-and-white on browns, then the addition of loud and violent colors. There is commendable compatibility between picture and sound, and the film comes off more finished than experimental. Just the right length too.

DIVERTISSEMENT ROCOCO. *Produced by Hy Hirsh. Rentals may be arranged through the producer, 4104 25th St., San Francisco, Calif.* (10 *min., color*).

There are lots of fascinating designs, wild and pretty colors, and schematic motion patterns in this abstraction which combines symmetry with harpsichord music. The sound track would seem to have been an afterthought, for some of the motion was definitely out of tempo. This one is a bit too long, and more sedate than surprising.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE. *Produced for CBS Radio by United Productions of America. Distributed by Movies, U.S.A., 729 Seventh Ave., New York 19, N.Y.* (15 *min., color*).

How nice that a major radio network should use a motion picture to show and tell the story of the importance of sound, the special values of sound carried by radio, and the special advantages advertisers get through CBS radio in particular! UPA is as clever as the situation allows: the animation is delightful, and it abstracts reality down to barest substantive elements.

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

THREE AMERICAN BALLADS. *Produced by the Motion Picture Division of the University of California; distributed by the Education Film Sales Dept., UCLA, Los Angeles 24, Calif.* (7 *min., color*).

Three short folk songs are illustrated with moving camera over still drawings. In "Acres of Clams," the song is well sung by Cisco Houston, the chalky drawing is only so-so. "Old Dan Tucker" seems more like sketches for a stage design than a film. "John Henry," on the other hand, is intricately edited, rhythmically paced, and boldly drawn, but the singing voice and the recording are so poor as to render the whole thing pretty meaningless. Too bad, for it was a good try and a very worthwhile idea.

JOHN GILPIN. *Produced by John Halas. Distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.* (10 *min., animation*).

New British experiments in film animation bring us this version of Cowper's narrative poem, with drawings by Ronald Searle and narration by Cecil Trouncer. The still drawings themselves were devised especially for the film, and limited motion is obtained in camera work and editing. The film should be thoroughly appropriate and enlivening to literature classes in high schools and colleges—as well as an interesting oddity for general entertainment programs.

This is one of a series of films in the Painter and Poet Series, produced by John Halas in association with Joan Maude and Michael Warre. The films were shown first at last year's Festival of Britain. Three other separate reels in the series are also available, each containing two short films. Reel #1 combines "Twa Corbies" (2½ min.) with Shakespeare's "Spring and Winter" (6½ min.) Reel #2 includes David Gascoigne's "Winter Garden" and eighteenth-century Thomas Dibden's "Sailor's Consolation," each about 2½ minutes long. On Reel #3 there are Thomas Nashe's "In Time of Pestilence" and Kathleen Raine's "The Pythoness," each about three minutes long, the latter with drawings by Henry Moore. "John Gilpin" takes up the entire fourth reel. In all it was an impressive undertaking, but not nearly as well carried out as it should have been.

—Cecile Starr.

* For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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BIBLIOPHILIES, Collectors, Reference Libraries: To close estate best offer takes 98-volume set NOTES AND QUERIES, published in London by George Bell and others from November, 1849. Write Daigneau, Box 294, Austin, Minnesota.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

HEIRLOOMS FROM EUROPEAN ARISTOCRATS, priced attractively. Request interesting description. Count d'Anea, c/o Grinstead, Box 516, Hotsprings, Arkansas.

WANTED: FOR RENT OR PURCHASE, 16mm films, sound and color, 15 to 25 minutes running time, demonstrating hobbies of interest to adult group. Mrs. G. P. Morgan, Box D, New Canaan, Conn.

"A GENIUS of the sinister THEODORE begins where Charles Adams stops." Appearing Friday evenings at 8:30 in JOURNEY INTO DARKNESS and on Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 in BLOSSOMS OF EVIL at the Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St., Greenwich Village. For reservations telephone CHelsea 2-9583; 3 to 8 P.M. on days of performance.

DOES ANYONE KNOW where is the copy of ARROWSMITH given by Sinclair Lewis to Grace Lewis (numbered first edition)? I am making a study of Mr. Lewis from 1912 to 1924 and will be grateful to hear from those who shared those years with him. Grace Hegger Lewis, 320 East 57 St., NYC.

SINGLE YOUNG MAN, university graduate, wide musical and literary background, desires change from pedagogical rut. Go anywhere from Canada to Mexico. Box N-125.

YOUNG MAN seeks companion European travel. Telephone mornings, AXtel 7-6571 (NYC).

WANTED: JUVENILE WRITER assist writing book 8-12. Telephone TRafalgar 3-1791 (NYC).

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, personable, interested in position as companion, nurse, secretary. Box N-122.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, versatile, executive ability, mature, attractive, free to travel. Available January 1. Box N-121.

TRAINED SECRETARY wants evening, weekend work; secretarial, editing, manuscript typing. Box N-117.

ROSEHAVEN. Lovely rooms, river view, excellent food for few retired ladies. References. Telephone YOnkers 5-9465 (N.Y.)

ARCHITECTS, couple, want to rent very large room or atelier for remodeling and living, East Midtown, NYC. Telephone HAvemeyer 4-2518.

GENTLEMAN, 34, will share modern apartment. Convenient location, downtown Brooklyn (NYC). Telephone MUrray Hill 2-2038.

ENGLISH SCHOOLMASTER, 27, (Oxford), traveled, well read, seeks an inexpensive room with cultured family in New York. References. Gingell, 4 East 98 St., NYC.

FORMERLY AN OFFICIAL INTERPRETER and translator in the Courts of Vienna seeks translations from English into German and Polish. Box N-130.

DENUDED INSPIRATION given shape and beauty with Tarzia's forms of poetry chart. There's nothing like it. Makes a unique gift. $1. Box L-967.

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POSTCARD BRINGS FREE BROCHURE describing IDIOM, exciting new quarterly of experimental writing. Address P. O. Box 86, Passaic, N.J.

ABC SHORTHAND in one week. $2 returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91 St., NYC 24.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 42 St. and First Ave., NYC 17, ELdorado 5-7300.

POWERFUL VOICE QUICKLY DEVELOPED with Diaphragm Exerciser. Write VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21), St. Louis, Mo.

BE A MONEY MAKER . . . Represent magazines year around. Wonderful home work. Big Christmas profits now. Liberal commissions. Everything furnished. Write for FREE Catalogue. McGREGOR MAGAZINE AGENCY, Department 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

PERSONALS

PERSONABLE YOUNG MAN, with book and record sales experience, desires position selling either or both. Box N-7.

A SENSATION WITH COCKTAILS. 6 vacuum-packed tins deliciously roasted California Almonds, gift packaged. Ideal Holiday Gift. Shipping weight approximately 4½ lbs. $4.85 postage prepaid. Money order or check to ALMONDS, P.O. Box 873, Menlo Park, Calif.

WANTED: LOVING ARMS AND EMPTY SHELVES for our Sensational Book Bargains: Write for FREE catalogue! OLD PROF'S BOOK SHOP, 9 West Lawrence St., Pontiac 15, Mich.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

USED LANGUAGE RECORDS bought, sold, exchanged! SPOTLIGHT, 113 West 42 St., NYC.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, Washington, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.

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YOURS ALONE—Your house in Pen and Ink sketch on Note paper, Playing cards, etc. TIFFT, 286 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

TO VETERAN WHO HAS LOST SIGHT but not sense of humor nor independent determinism I would be eyes, buffer against pity, domestic man-Friday, foil, factotum, driver, drudge, clerk, companion, courier, reading medium. Blind parent instilled infectious knowledge of courageous complacency. No magnanimity my part since I seek security, freedom to read and scribble, opportunity to enjoy good music, theatre, and purposeful living. Fortyish bachelor, New England bred, tolerably educated, extensively traveled, addicted to southern sun, am possessed of new car, cocker pups, contemplative sense contentment. Hugh Swanson, Box 62, Babson Park, Florida.

MATURE FRENCH WOMAN, speaking Parisian French, to be part-time Governess of 4-year-old girl and help with housework, to live on country place in Southeastern Pennsylvania. Write Box N-15.

I AM ENDEAVORING TO WRITE brisk, clean and pungent biography of New York sculptor who, as Howard Kretz, jumped off Brooklyn Bridge, and, as Howard Coluzzi, lived in New México cave adjoining rock apartment of two mountain lions. I need anecdotes for more "big moments" and will pay $3 for each one accepted. Address: "BeeBee" Dunne, Columnist, Sante Fé, New México.

THEATRICAL CONSULTANT AND CRITIC—Impartial advice, opinions, suggestions, on every detail of theatre, radio, motion pictures, TV. Rates and appointments. Telephone SUsquehanna 7-1684 between 12 and 4 P.M.

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YOUNG NEWSPAPERMAN of varied interests, abilities, desires to move from daily copy desk to creative editorial position in magazine or publishing field. Box L-984.

PERSONALS

FOR RENT TO WRITER: Room in elderly woman's hilltop home. Kitchen privileges. Commuting New York. 133 Woodland Drive, Pleasantville, N. Y.

BACHELOR WILL SHARE secluded rural home with congenial male. 100 miles NYC. Box N-134.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

107 ACRES OF SCENIC BEAUTY with a stream, 17 miles east downtown Tucson. Plenty spring water. One large decorator's house; 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. One cottage; 2 bedrooms, suitable for guests, studio, rental or servants. Very reasonably priced, $40,000, or will sell large house and 50 acres. Write L. W. Klene, Route 2, Box 809, Tucson, Arizona.

RETREATS. New inexpensive 6-room, year around homes. Mountain view. 65 minutes New York. Box N-17.

For Rent

MODERN APARTMENT, wing colonial farmhouse, 4 miles south of New Hope, Pennsylvania. 2 bedrooms, large living room, bath, kitchenette, garage. Furnished, including heat and light. Yearly, $75 per month; to May 1, less. References: Henry Chapin, New Hope, Pa.

WRITING? RECUPERATING? Rent sunshiny, quiet, comfortable house; automatic oil furnace, fireplaces. Address Russell Harris, Sandwich Village, Cape Cod.

TRAVEL

TAHITI WITH HORACE SUTTON, Travel Editor of The Saturday Review, can be yours plus Fiji Isles, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong, Philippines and Japan. Write for this unique 42-day air tour itinerary departing April 6. $3,437. REDDY TRAVEL SERVICE, 1006 Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM amidst wooded Litchfield Hills; luscious food, casual and intimate. SKI TOW. Blazing fires for relaxation. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE Brandon, Vermont. Always a home for holidays. How about joining us? Extra good food. No planned entertainment.

CHRISTMAS AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Roaring fires. Skiing. Snowshoeing through crystal woodland. Good talk. Brandon, Vermont.

CHRISTMAS—NEW YEAR'S at SEVEN HILLS. Winter sports . . . records . . . hot drinks 'round the fireplace. THE HOWITTS, Seven Hills, Lenox, Mass.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS. Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

COLONIAL INN, Fairhope, Alabama. Charming, delightful and home-like. Write for folder.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 977

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Herb of U.S. prairies (*Pentstemon cobaea*).	69 191 167 134 51 23 158 11 100
B. Fanny Burney's heroine, 1778.	46 85 94 141 103 14 126
C. Appellation of "Zip," the wild man from Borneo in the old circuses (comp.).	109 147 27 21 78 62 125 36
D. French word we have borrowed, to mean cleverness accompanied with vivacity.	52 102 165 16 138 146
E. Site of winter palace of former tsars.	33 106 74 2 77
F. Pertaining to authority exercised within limits.	192 171 61 49 55 31 1 75 25 22
	42 9 4 120
G. Breach of moral or social conduct.	54 43 178 152 118 182 177
H. Lacking companions.	121 131 164 89 91 145 157 41 187 18
I. Mental attitude evoked by external influence.	47 122 193 153 183 101 114 87
J. The "Beautiful Cloak Model" in Owen Davis's famous play.	24 140 161 186 117 93
K. Botanical term for aggregate fruit.	38 124 148 133 169 84 174
L. Hindu deification of the first mortal to die, as king of the dead.	108 181 95 184
M. Make a succession of small tremulous noises.	45 156 88 149 150 116 136

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Locale of the source of King Solomon's treasure.	70 67 151 86 7
O. Hand-made lace edge.	15 195 128 6 142 123 58
P. With Word Z, the two important words in title of a popular Christmas carol.	26 166 160 73 111
Q. To hold spellbound.	39 196 63 129 115 32 172
R. Small sailboats developed for local use at Martha's Vineyard.	173 19 119 28 163 168 40 80
S. Easy to speak to.	44 188 170 110 132 76 143
T. A kind of plane.	64 60 185 139 190 81
U. Sine qua non of the "spinster from choice."	96 175 179 194 135 112 130 127
V. From side to side, esp. in an oblique direction.	17 35 92 59 8 154 29
W. Race of handsome cave men, whose relics were discovered at Dordogne, France (comp.).	20 98 155 79 34 10 57 82 104
X. Unlikely to be true.	159 105 66 189 99 50 72 162 53 137
Y. To put out leaves.	71 180 13 107 83 97 5 176 68
Z. See Word P.	65 144 90
Z¹. White cloth thrown over a baptized infant, as sign of innocence (hist.).	12 37 48 56 3 30 113

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 F	2 E	3 Z¹	■	4 F	■	5 Y	6 O	7 N	8 V
9. F	10 W	11 A	■	12 Z¹	13 Y	14 B	15 O	16 D	17 V	18 H	19 R	20 W	21 C	22 F	23 A	24 J
■	25 F	26 P	27 C	28 R	■	29 V	30 Z¹	31 F	32 Q	33 E	■	34 W	35 V	■	36 C	37 Z¹
38 K	■	39 Q	40 R	41 H	■	42 F	43 G	■	44 S	■	45 M	46 B	47 I	48 Z¹	49 F	50 X
51 A	52 D	■	53 X	54 G	55 F	56 Z¹	57 W	58 O	■	59 V	60 T	61 F	■	62 C	63 Q	64 T
65 Z	66 X	67 N	68 Y	69 A	■	70 N	71 Y	■	72 X	73 P	74 E	■	75 F	76 S	77 E	78 C
79 W	80 R	■	81 T	82 W	■	83 Y	84 K	85 B	86 N	87 I	88 M	89 H	90 Z	■	91 H	92 V
93 J	■	94 B	95 L	96 U	97 Y	98 W	99 X	100 A	■	101 I	102 D	■	103 B	104 W	■	105 X
106 E	107 Y	108 L	■	109 C	110 S	111 P	112 U	■	113 Z¹	114 I	115 Q	116 M	■	117 J	118 G	119 R
120 F	121 H	122 I	123 O	124 K	125 C	126 B	127 U	■	128 O	129 Q	130 U	131 H	■	132 S	133 K	134 A
135 U	136 M	137 X	■	138 D	■	139 T	140 J	141 B	142 O	143 S	144 Z	145 H	■	146 D	147 C	148 K
149 M	■	150 M	151 N	152 G	■	153 I	154 V	155 W	156 M	157 H	■	158 A	159 X	160 P	161 J	■
162 X	163 R	■	164 H	■	165 D	166 P	167 A	168 R	169 K	170 S	171 F	172 Q	■	173 R	174 K	175 U
176 Y	177 G	■	178 G	179 U	180 Y	■	181 L	■	182 G	183 I	184 L	185 T	186 J	187 H	■	188 S
189 X	190 T	191 A	■	192 F	193 I	194 U	195 O	196 Q	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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